

THE
SONG BOOK
OR,
GARDEN
SINGING FOR JESUS.

BY

J. WILLIAM SUFFERN,

ASSISTED BY

T. W. HUBBARD.

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THE SONG GARLAND:

OR,

SINGING FOR JESUS.

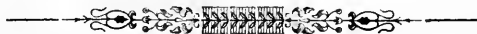
A new collection of Music and Hymns prepared expressly

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS,

BY

J. WILLIAM SUFFERN, ASSISTED BY T. W. HUBBARD.

Mr. SUFFERN is author of the EXCELSIOR and SABBATH PRAISE.



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PREFACE.

It affords the Authors great pleasure to be able to contribute a *fresh Garland* of songs to the *Sabbath* schools; and we hope *it* may awaken *in* and impress *upon* the minds of the little ones many precious truths; and that these songs may be instrumental in leading them to the foot of the *cross*, ever to be foremost in the ranks "Singing for Jesus." In this work will be found a large amount of new material fresh and good:—we have endeavored in our collection of hymns to use only such as contain some useful lesson, or are of a high *spiritual* tone.

The music is easy, and we think, well adapted to the hymns for childrens' use; we have endeavored to give them of the best that we had in our store-house and the tunes will, if properly sung, be a pleasing medium of conveying religious instruction.

To Superintendents and others whose office it may be to lead the children in singing, we would say don't sing the spirited hymns too slow; for if you do, it must readily be seen that the language will loose much of its force; try and obtain a pleasant contrast between the movements of the *spirited* and *pathetic* hymns.

To comply with the request of many of our teacher friends we have prepared and inserted, a short elementary course in *Notation*, for the use of schools who wish to study *Notation* as well as *Singing*; believing as we do, that every school with judicious instruction can soon be taught to sing readily, by note, the simple tunes in our Sunday school books.

We are especially indebted to Messrs. G. F. Raff, Wm. T. Rogers, G. W. Reaser, W. W. Bentley, Rev. D. S. Anderson, Miss E. E. Pitkin and Mrs. Suffern and others for valuable contributions of music and poetry. To the friends who competed for the name, we return our thanks, and hope that you will be pleased with our selection.

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ELEMENTARY COURSE.

NOTE.—We have been requested by many of our musical friends and especially teachers, to *set a short elementary course* for children in our present work: so that the book might be serviceable in two ways:—namely, in teaching the children to sing the praises of Jesus, with *understanding* and with the *proper spirit*. We have deemed it only necessary to suggest the subjects in their order, leaving the teacher to present them in his own language, so as to take up as little space as possible, in the elementary department. Each subject will be accompanied with one or more exercises, so that the teacher will be able to make his instruction practical as well as theoretical.

§ 1. Before attempting the analysis of a *musical sound*, or sounds it should be considered in the abstract, and the class taught how to produce a tone, *full, resonant*, and smooth; avoiding harshness and straining in any way. Let the tone be made at the pitch, *d* or *e*, indicated by the space or added line below the treble staff, thus:



The reason for beginning with one or the other of these pitch, we have

not space to explain. After the class are familiar with, and can produce a clear tone, let them sing the exercises indicated below, and explain the use of the character called *note*.

No. 1. • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
 Join we all in one ac - cord, Sing - ing prais - es to the Lord.

No. 2. • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
 Hap - py voi - ces join in song, And the cheerful strain prolong.

§ 2. After this let the work of analysis begin, discovering to the class that the voice can produce a *musical sound* or tone, higher or lower at will; that this highness or lowness of the voice is *the first property of a tone*, and is called *Pitch*.


Then explain the office of the line and spaces.

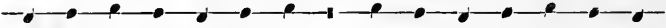
No. 3. • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
 How I love my na - tive Land. Firmly may she ev - er stand.



No. 4. • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
 From low to high our voi - ces change, And then from high to low.


• • • • • • • • • • • • • •
 Pitch the name, thro'out the range, In which our voi - ces go

§ 3. Name the two tones the lower, *tone one*; the higher, *tone two*. Introduce a new *Tone*, (*Three*), and then sing the following exercise.

No. 5. 
A new tone now have we. And its name shall be *tone three*.


No. 6. 
Here the Lord we love to praise, With our joy-ous tuneful lays.


§ 4. The *property of longness and shortness*, called (*Length*) can now be introduced. The teacher can use any one of the former tunes, 3, 4, &c. and at the end of each phrase make the tone of a satisfactory length, and then repeat the tune, making the tones all equal in length, the class will soon discover the difference, especially when they try both ways themselves. The signs of relative length of tones would here be in place, — (, ) and their names, if thought best, though that may with propriety be left till a later period.

No. 7. 
If you wish to win the prize, Af-ter wisdom you must strive.


§ 5. The difference between the pitch of two tones is called an *Interval*. Explain the difference between the interval formed by the pitch of tones *one* and *two*, and by *one* and *three*. Named *second* and *third*, also the relation that one position of the staff sustains to another.

The distance from one position of the staff to the next is called a *degree*.

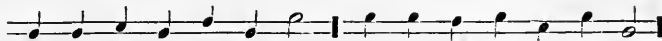
No. 8. 
Sporting lambs are on the green, Happy now all nature seems.


Brooks are rippling thro' the groves, Where we gather flow'rs we love,

§ 6. Introduce a new *Tone*, (*Four*), and new *Interval*, (*Fourth*), and another position in the staff. Give the different positions their Alphabetical names, d, e, f, &c. or sooner if the teacher thinks it best.

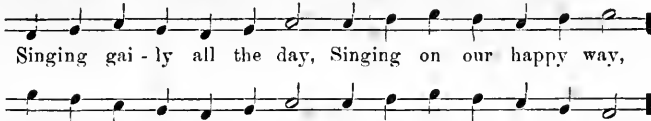
No. 9. 
Hap-py voi-ces join our song, While our lives flow gai-ly on.

§ 7. Exercise, with the Interval of *second*, *third* and *fourth*. Explain that any position may become a *key position*.

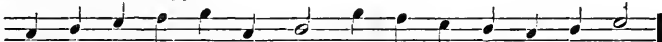
No. 10. 
Happy, happy, happy we, Join with us in cheerful glee.

§ 8. Introduce a new *Tone*, (*Five*.) and the new Interval. (*Fifth*.)

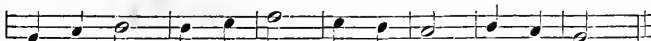
This exercise may be used as a round, and in that respect will be found very useful.

No. 11. 
Singing gai-ly all the day, Singing on our happy way,
Happy children going home, Where the blessed an-gels roam.

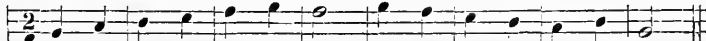
SONG, with interval of the *fifth*.

No. 12. 
Soft we hear the whisp'ring breeze, 'Mid the gent-ly swaying trees.

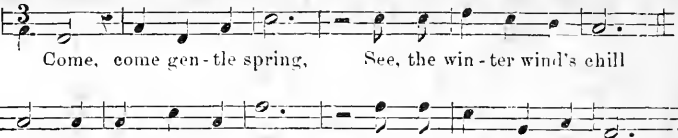
§ 9. Introduce *strongness* and *weakness* of tone or third property called (*Power*.) Any of the foregoing exercise songs will serve for illustrations. This *accented* or *unaccented* part, becomes the *unit* of a tune. Then should follow the grouping of these parts, or units into forms called measures, and indicated to the eye by notes grouped together by means of lines drawn across the staff and called *bars*, thus:

No. 13. 
Songs we sing, hearts we bring, To the praise of our King.

§ 10. The number of parts in a measure of time is indicated by a figure at the beginning of the written music. Explain *Time* and its application to tune. Introduce new *Tone*, (*Six*.) and the new Interval (*Sixth*.)

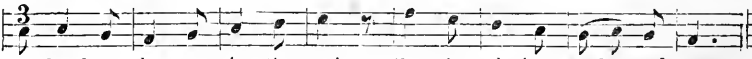
No. 14. 
If you sing to laud and praise, Let the tones be strong you raise.

§ 11. Introduce pauses or silence and the characters which indicate silence,—(7 —) called rests. Explain the (·) dot and the new notes.

No. 15. 

Come, come gen-tle spring, See, the win-ter wind's chill
Dies a-way on the top Of yon cloud-touching hill.

Explain the measure note, (7) and the tie, (—)

No. 16. 

Lord, we love to sing thy praise, For thy glorious works and ways.

§ 12. At this stage of progress the teacher can introduce two part practice, and the earlier it is begun the more independence he will find in his pupils. Before attempting tunes in two parts, drill them thoroughly in chord formations, formed of tones 1 and 3, 3—5, 2—4, 4—6; alternating the voices, so as to accustom each to singing Alto.

Don't fail to discipline them in the motion of the hand, in order to measure time.

CHORD SONG.

17. 

Ere you join the cho-ral throng, You must first the chord pro-long;
Then your sweet-est voi-ces raise, To your heav'n-ly Fath-er's praise:

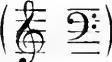
§ 13. Familiarize the class with tones seven and eight, and the *intervals* of the seventh or octave, and their *signs*. Also what succession of tones constitute a Scale.

SCALE EXERCISE.

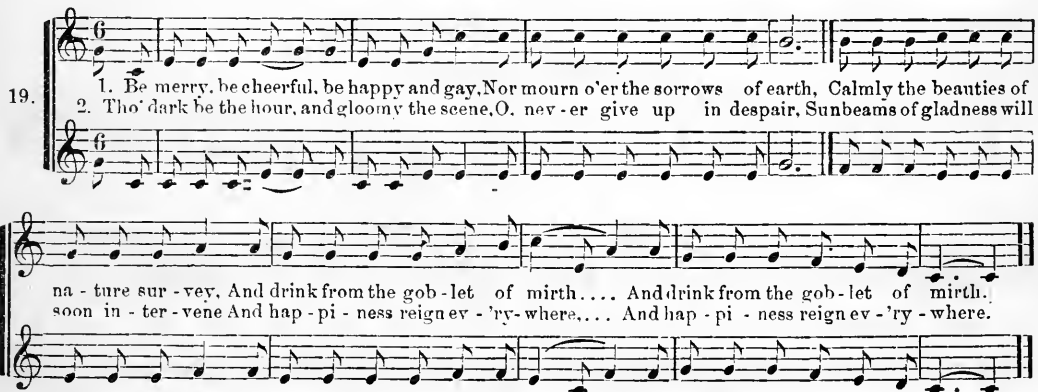
18. 

Do do do, &c:..... Sea sea sea, &c:.....

La la, &c:..... la Sea sea, &c:..... sea.

§ 14. At this point a knowledge of the difference in place, and the sign of the voices, called *clefs*, () ent voices, Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass, would be Absolute pitch, the score, and the character called *Brace*.

BE MERRY.

19. 

1. Be merry, be cheerful, be happy and gay, Nor mourn o'er the sorrows of earth, Calmly the beauties of
2. Tho' dark be the hour, and gloomy the scene, O, nev-er give up in despair, Sunbeams of gladness will

na - ture sur - vey, And drink from the gob - let of mirth.... And drink from the gob - let of mirth,
soon in - ter - vene And hap - pi - ness reign ev - 'ry - where.... And hap - pi - ness reign ev - 'ry - where.

§ 15. Extend the scale to ten, eleven and twelve. Also explain that a certain *pitch*, if taken as the pitch of *tone one*, is called the *key pitch*, and becomes the pitch of *tone eight* whenever a lower pitch than the *key pitch* is used.

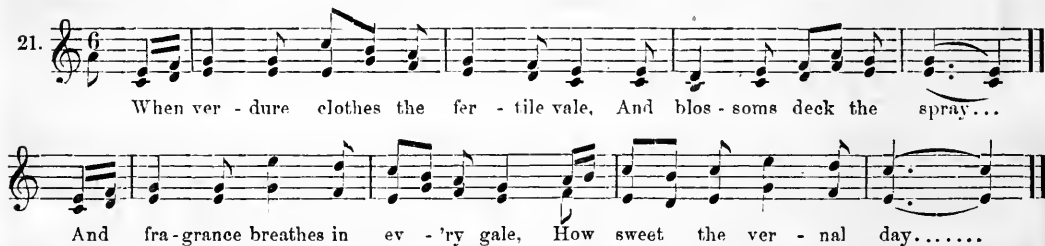
SINGING GAILY.

20. 

Sing - ing gai - ly all the day. Sing - ing on our hap - py way,
Hap - py chil - dren go - ing home. Where the bless - ed an - gels roam.

Explain the new note, also the grouping of sixteenths and eighths by bars.

WHEN VERDURE CLOTHES.


21. 

When ver - dure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blos - soms deck the spray...
And fra - grance breathes in ev - 'ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day.....

§ 16. If the teacher has been diligent, the children are now ready for modulation, and transposition. With the sign of the same, explain the office of the characters (\sharp \flat \natural) called *Sharp*, *Flat* and *Natural*,

HAPPY AND FREE.


9



1. The life of a child, O how wild and free. Hearts that know nothing of strife... Sing - ing our songs in the
 2. Along thro' the meadows in har - vest time Twining our ear - lands so fair,.... Ming - ling our songs with the
 3. We're bounding thro' cellar, thro' hall, o'er lawn, Filling dear home with de - light... What would they do in our



mer - ri - est glee. All the glad happy days of our life... Out in the for - est when win - ter is o'er
 songs of the birds, As they float on the soft summer air,.... Rang - ing the hill - side and val - ley and wood,
 ab - sence if none Ev - er came for a kiss, or good night— Wel - come us then in our rol - lick - ing mirth



Culling rare gems of the spring, Chasing the lambs as they frisk in the sun; Mocking the birds as they sing
 Golden brown nuts do we bring; Ti - ny boats launching that glide down the stream. Gay as the lark on the wing.
 Welcome us then in our glee. Mu - sic and joy in our laugh ha ha ha, Happy and guileless and free.

Not too fast.

1. Mother! watch the little feet, Climbing o'er the garden wall, Bounding thro' the busy street, Ranging cellar, shed and hall;
 2. Mother! watch the little hands, Picking berries by the way, Making houses in the sand, Tossing up the fragrant hay;
 3. Mother! watch the little tongue, Prattling eloquent and wild; What is said & what is sung, By the happy joyous child;

Never count the moments lost, Never mind the time it cost, Little feet will go astray, Mother, guide them while you may
 Never dare the question ask, Why to me this heavy task? These same little hands may prove, Messengers of light & love,
 Catch the word while yet unspok'n, Stop the vow while yet unbroke'n, This same tongue may yet proclaim, Blessings in the Saviour's name.

THE POWER OF SONG.

1. Singing in the morning, Singing thro' the day, Singing at the hearth-stone, Singing on our way;
 2. Singing at the sun-set, Singing in the eve, Singing with re-joice-ing, Singing when we grieve;
 3. Cares may come to vex us, Burdens may oppress, Time may bring us troubles, Treasures may be less;

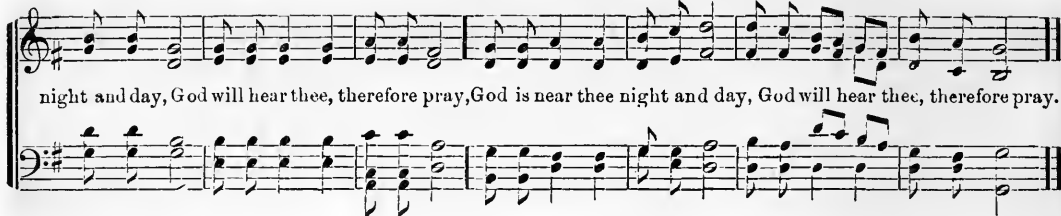
Singing at our la - bor, Singing at our rest, Singing we are thankful, Singing we are blest.
Singing cheers the lonely, Singing soothes the sad, Singing makes us gen - tle, Singing makes us glad.
Yet with fond companions, Loved and cherished long; All our sorrows banish, Charm'd away by song.

SPIRIT VOICES.

1. Lis - ten to the ros - es, Lis - ten to the rills, Lis - ten to the breezes, Whisp'ring o'er the hills.
2. Lis - ten to the rain-drops, Listen to the dew, Lis - ten to the sun-shine, How it whispers too.

They have each a burden, For the willing ear, Ever to the list'ner, Whisp'ring "God is near." God is near thee
These are spirit voices, Speaking to the heart, God is ev-er near thee, Wheresoe'er thou art.

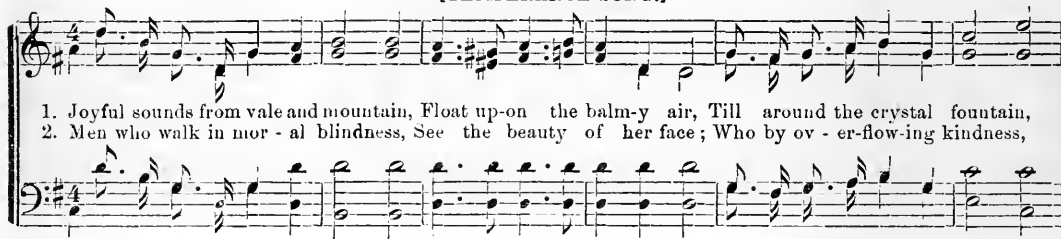
SPIRIT VOICES. Concluded.



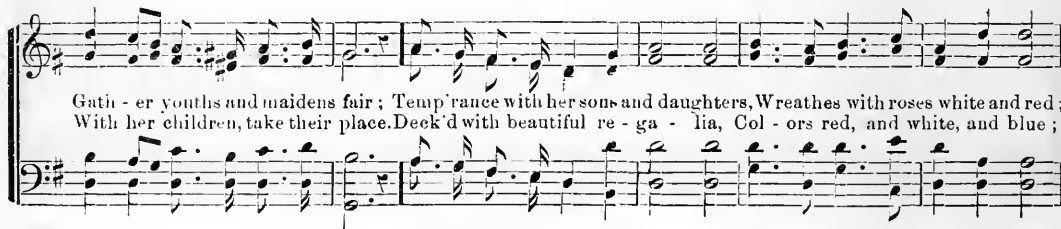
night and day, God will hear thee, therefore pray, God is near thee night and day, God will hear thee, therefore pray.

JOYFUL SOUNDS.

[TEMPERANCE SONG.]



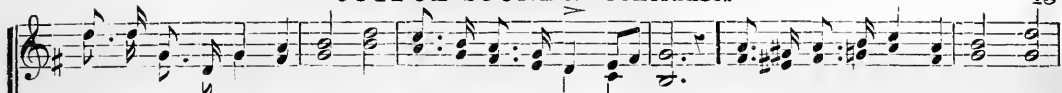
1. Joyful sounds from vale and mountain, Float up-on the balm-y air, Till around the crystal fountain,
2. Men who walk in mor - al blindness, See the beauty of her face; Who by ov - er-flow-ing kindness,



Gath - er youths and maidens fair; Temp'rance with her sons and daughters, Wreathes with roses white and red;
With her children, take their place. Deck'd with beautiful re - ga - lia, Col - ors red, and white, and blue;

JOYFUL SOUNDS. Concluded.

16



Rainbows from the crystal wa - ters, Fling a ha-lo round her head. Come and join our songs of gladness,
In this symbol par-pher-na - lia. They will prove their colors true. Ma - ny fond re-joic-ing mothers



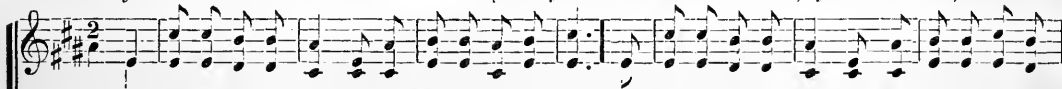
Where the sparkling water flow, Dash a-way the cup of madness, Ev'-ry drop is fraught with woe.
See their sons from vice reclaimed, Ma - ny sis-ters hear their brothers, Sons of 'Temperance proclaimed.



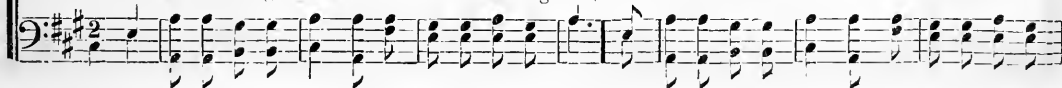
VOICE OF MUSIC.

Lively

Respectfully inscribed to WM. T. ROGERS, by H. B. FRISBIE, Madison.



1. Sweet music cheers the spirit, And joy speaks out in song; It gives the timid courage, It makes the feeble
2. It soothes the anxious bosom, It gives the weary rest; Disarms the base and evil, And better makes the
3. The el-ements speak music, In ev'ry leafy grove; And all the birds, in music, Are telling forth their
4. To us who here are singing, Have human minds been given; And we should feel that music, Is but a voice from



strong. It makes the feeble strong. It makes the feeble strong. It gives the timid courage. It makes the feeble strong. best. And better makes the best. And better makes the best. Disarms the base and evil. And better makes the best. love. Are telling forth their love. Are telling forth their love. And all the birds, in music. Are telling forth their love. heav'n, Is but a voice from heav'n, Is but a voice from heav'n. And we should feel that music. Is but a voice from heav'n.

m e cres. f

Then we'll sing, then we'll sing sweet music, Then we'll sing, Then we'll sing sweet music: Heav'n's sublimest sweet music, sweet music, Heav'n's

music, Heav'n's sublimest music; Join all nature's grandest voice in one. As we journey to our heavenly home. music. Heav'n's music. Join all, &c.

The Song Garland.

GARLANDS WE BRING.

1. { Garlands we bring, fresh garlands of song, To welcome our Sav - iour and King. Let's join our glad voice - es
sing of the Saviour's ten - der love, And mercies so gra - cious - ly given, By (OMIT).....

2. { Garlands we bring, fresh garlands of song, To Je - sus the praise all be given: For He, it was said, "O
join with the lov - ing An - gel band, And with them our voice - - es blend, And (OMIT).....

with the throng Of an - gels as they sing, They } Him who now reigns o'er all above, O'er earth and o'er sea and heaven,
let them come" There's children now in heaven, We'll } with them we'll shout all glory be, To Je - sus the sin - ner's friend.

GARLANDS WE BRING. Concluded.

Waft-ing a-long sweet garlands of song..... O-ver the land or o-ver the sea....

Wafting sweet garlands of song;

Sing-ing for Je-sus, Yes sing-ing for Je-sus our theme shall be....

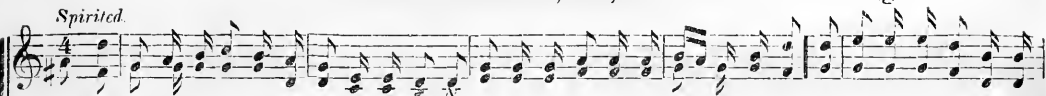
O-ver the land and sea.

WHAT CAN I GIVE TO JESUS?

1. What can I give to Jesus, Who gave Himself for me? How can I show my love to Him, Who died on Calva-ry.
 2. I'll give my *heart* to Jesus, In childhood's tender spring: I know that he will not despise The worthless gift I bring.
 3. I'll give my *strength* to Jesus, Of heart and hand and will: Go where He sends, and ever strive, His pleasure to ful-fill.
 4. I'll give my *time* to Jesus, O, that each hour might be, Filled up with holy work for Him, Who gave Himself for me.

COME INTO CHRIST'S ARMY; Or, The Volunteer's Song.

Spirited.



1. Come into *Christ's* army, come, join it to-day: He calls us himself, so we must not delay, What though we are children, we're
2. He gives us our armor, so shining and bright, So let us fight bravely for truth and for right; The foes we must conquer are
3. We've plenty of tri-als and dangers to meet, And Sa-tan, our foe, oft will threaten de-feat; Tem-p-ta-tion, too, oft en will
1. He'll keep us in safety till life shall be o'er; E'en death cannot harm us: Christ met him before; We'll follow our Leader till



CHORUS.



nev - er too small To be soldiers for Je-sus; so come one and all, Christ gives us our watch-word, Christ
strong ones indeed: We must ask for his help, or we shall not succeed.
lead us astray: But our Captain stands ready to show us the way.
yonder bright heaven Shall ring with our praises for vic-tory giv-en. That watchword is *love*.



gives us our watchword, Christ gives us our watchword, 'tis written above On the folds of our banner, That watchword is *love*.
That watchword is *love*.



THE PROMISED LAND.

Words and Music by EMMA E. PITKIN.

Happy and cheerful.

1. To our Fa - ther in the promised land. Children we a hap - py joyous band, Chant our songs of grateful love,
 2. With our Sav - iour in the promised land, May we ev - er walk the golden strand, Sing - ing still our songs of praise,
 3. Shall we gath - er in the promised land, Shall we join the happy throng who stand, Waiting on that pearl - y shore,

To our Lord who from a - bove, Came to save a world from sin, Who might reign in Heav'n with Him, Let us sing of the
 Thro' the happy end - less days, Glo - ry still shall swell the strain, To the Lamb for sinners slain,
 List'ning for the Boat - man's oar; That shall bring the ransom'd home, Where earth's sorrows are unknown.

promised land, Let us sing of the promised land, Let us sing of the land for - ever, of that land, Where Je - sus reigns.

O SING OF THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

T. W. H. 19

Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. LOUIE SUFFERN.

1. O sing of that beautiful land, Where life everlasting will be, Where wither crown, and with palms in your hand, From the
2. In visions my soul hath been cheered By the rays of that heavenly light; The darkness of night disappeared, For the
3. The joys of that land never fade, The flowers are ever in bloom; No sorrow that land can invade, For it

world and its cares set free. O sing of that beautiful land, A land that no mortal hath seen, So far from this earthly
beams of that world so bright; Its beauties forever are new; Its treasures are fadeless and pure. Its skies of celestial
lies just beyond the tomb. O when will our spirits ascend, To dwell in that beautiful clime, Where pleasures will never

strand. The river of death flows between. So far from this earthly strand, The river of death rolls between.
hue. Its inmates alone are secure, Its skies of celestial hue, Its inmates alone are secure.
end. Be - yond the dark sorrows of time, Where pleasures will never end, Beyond the dark sorrows of time.

1. When Sabbath's sacred morning light Begins on earth to dawn, We'll wake with eyes all sparkling bright, And bid dull sloth be
 2 The tuneful birds in concert meet, And carol sweet their lays; In nature's temple they repeat Their great Creator's
 3 From valley, field, & mountain fair They pour their warbling strains, And in one chorus loud declare That God forever

CHORUS.

gone. Then haste to the Sunday School away, Then haste to the Sunday School away, Then haste to the Sunday
 praise.
 reigns.

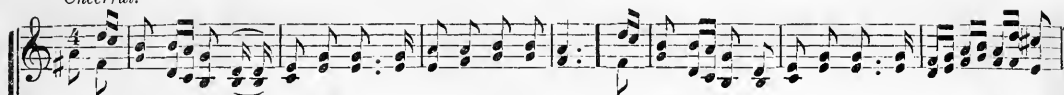
School away, And keep this sacred, sacred day; Then haste to the Sunday School away, And keep the sacred day.

TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL AWAY.

21

Words by Mrs. L. J. S.

Cheerful.



1. Away, away to the Sabbath School, Where all good children meet, Where happy faces, sparkling eyes Of pleasure sweet doth
2. What happiness, what joy do - vine, Communion such as this, In - to the hearts sealed wholly thine, By thy parental



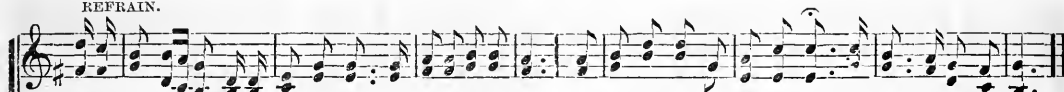
slower.



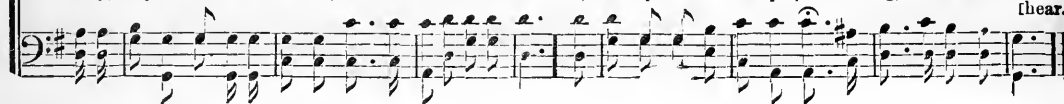
speak—'Tis there we learn to praise and pray, 'Tis there we learn to do. As Jesus taught them when on earth. To all their sins subdue.
kiss—And oh! how sweet in harmony, Our voices all to blend, In praise of him who rules above, And all such blessings sends



REFRAIN.



Then away, away to the Sabbath School, With friends and teachers dear, We'll spend an hour in prayer and song, To him who deigns to
hear.



Words by EMMA PITKIN.

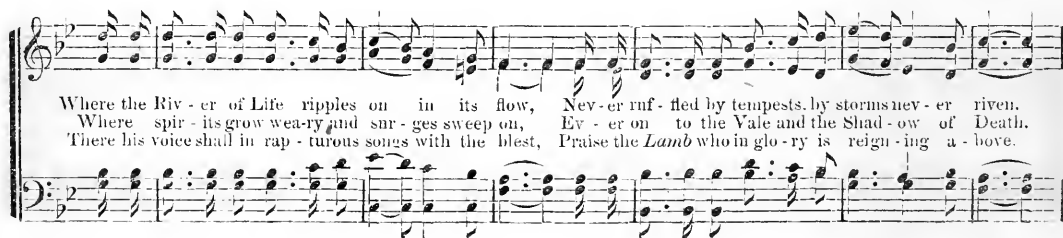
Music by J. W. SUFFERN.

Flowing movement.


1. Let us sing of the land, of the land far a - way, In the realm of the beau - ti - ful ev - er - more,
 2. Our sight cannot reach to that far a - way shore, Nor our souls can-not pic - ture its ho - ly bliss,
 3. In this home of the soul, in this land far a - way. Where the glo - ri - fied meet in their robes of white,



Where the cares and the sorrows of time nev - er stray, And no shad - ow e'er dark - ens the peace - ful shore,
 But in vis - ions we long for this bright ev - er - more, When faint with the eon - flicts of life like this,
 Shall the toil - er who o - ver life's long weary way, Rest at last on those beau - ti - ful hills of light.



Where the Riv - er of Life ripples on in its flow, Nev - er ruf - fled by tempests, by storms nev - er riven.
 Where spir - its grow wear-y and sin - ges sweep on, Ev - er on to the Vale and the Shad - ow of Death.
 There his voice shall in rap - turous songs with the blest, Praise the Lamb who in glo - ry is reign - ing a - bove.

To the wea - - ry a rest, to the wand - - er a guide, The home of the soul, and we name it heaven
And we long for the day that so bright will dawn, In the land never reached by the spoilers breath.
For the strug - gles which brought such great meas - ures of rest, Such in - finite peace, such a heaven of love.

Words by L. J. S.

THE LAMBS.

1 We are the lambs of Jesus' flock, "Feed them," he says, Keep them safe within the fold Of righteousness;
2 We are the lambs of Jesus' flock, He hears our cry, If perchance we wander far, He brings us nigh—
3. We are the lambs of Jesus' flock, Born un - to sin, But our shepherd's cleansing power, Can wash us clean;

Oh, let them not be led astray, Keep them in the holy way, Teach them how to watch and pray, For Jesus' sake.
And he our faithful shepherd is, He our goodly lead - er too, He on us his eye doth keep, He'll lead us through.
And his commands we oft trespass, Stray in paths of wicked ones, But through his redeeming grace We are brought home.

Flowing

1. In the gar-den of God, flows the River of Life, On its banks bloom the beautiful flowers, And whose germs perish
 2. Fain we'd gaze on the beau-ti-ful fairy-like scene, Tread its pure, sinless walks o'er and o'er, From the crystal fount,
 3. Then our thanks be to God for the rich gifts of earth, For the bless-ings to us free-ly given, They allure us a -
 4. In the garden of heaven, the footstool of God, Of whose beau - ty we on - ly may dream, All that's lovely and

CHORUS.

nev - er, But live on for ev - er, Where with - ering storms hath no power, 'Tis there in that beautiful clime, On the
 there With the good and the fair, Drink wa - ters of life ev - ermore.
 above, As by cords of his love, To that home of rest we call heaven.
 fair, Meet in har-mo-n-y there, Eu - chant - ing and happy the scene.

banks of the beau-ti-ful stream, Where the harps of the angels re-echo their song, And glo - ry to God is the theme.
 glo-ry to God is the theme.

1. Be - yond the chilling winds and gloomy skies, Beyond death's cloudy por - tal, There is a land where
 2. We may not know how sweet its balmy air. How bright and fair its flow - ers, We may not hear the
 3. But sometimes, when adown the western sky, The fie - ry sun - set lin - gers, Its golden gates swing

beauty never dies, And love becomes im - mor - tal. A land whose light is never dimm'd by shade, Whose
 songs that echo there, Through those enchanted bow - ers, The ci - ty's shining tow'rs we may not see, With
 inward, noiselessly, Unlooked by un - seen fin - gers, O, land unknown! O, land of life divine! Fath -

fields are al-ways ver - nal, Where nothing beau-ti - ful shall ev-er fade, But blooms for a - ges e - ter - nal.
 our dim earth-ly vis - ion, For Death, the si - lent warden, keeps the key That opes the gates E - lys - ian.
 er, al - wise, e - ter - nal, O, guide these way-worn, wand'ring feet of mine, Into those pas - tures ver - nal.

1. Go ye forth to the field of la-bor. Gather in the golden grain; Hand in hand with your friend and neighbor.

Work for Je - sus that was slain. 2. Go ye forth at the ear-ly dawning Of the Gospel's glorious day;
 3. Stand ye firm while the storms are raging, Look beyond for heavenly light;
 4. Look beyond where the light is beaming, Far across the foaming tide,
 5. Work to-day, for the night is coming, Wherein all must rest from toil;

CHORUS. D. C. dal Segno; S:

Go ye forth while the rays of morning Light thy footsteps on their way. Go ye forth to the field of la-bor,
 Go ye forth, still the battle waging; Work till darkness dims thy sight.
 Where the richest flowers of E - den Constant bloom on that bright side.
 Waken, dreamer, wake from your slum'ring, Ere the shades of night shall fall.

Slowly.

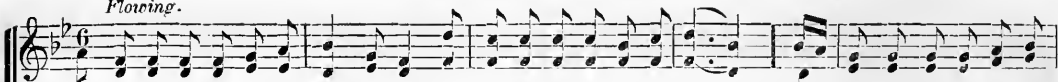
1. O'er the hills the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on, Slowly drops the gentle twilight, For an-other day is gone ;
 2. "One day nearer," sings the mariner, As he glides the waters o'er, While the light is softly dying On his distant native shore.
 3. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim, Hails the setting of the sun, For the goal is one day nearer, And his journey nearly done.
 4. Nearer home : yes, one day nearer, To our Father's house on high—To the green fields and the fountains, Of the land beyond the sky.

Gone for aye—its race is over, Soon the darker shades will come, Still 'tis sweet to know at even, "We are one day nearer home,"
 Thus the christian on life's o'cean, As his light boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture—"I am one day nearer home,"
 Thus we feel when o'er life's desert, Heart and sandal sore we roam : As the twilight gathers o'er us, We are one day nearer home,
 For the heavens grow brighter o'er us, And the lamp hangs in the dome, And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home.

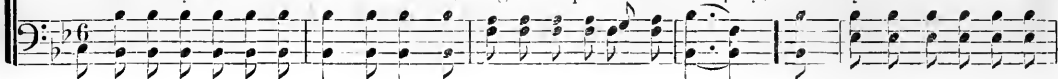
REFRAIN.

Near - er home, Near - er home.

Nearer home, yes, nearer home, Nearer home, yes, nearer home, Sweet it is to know at even, We are one day nearer home.

Flowing.

1. Char-i - ty ev - er begins at home, But speeds on her mission of light, Like beams of the beautiful
2. Char-i - ty ev - er begins at home, Nor boastingly tells of the deed, Which gladdens the heart of the
3. Char-i - ty ev - er begins at home, Be-nevolence calls her a - way, Phi-lan-thropy leads her to -
4. Char-i - ty came from her home above, To give us poor sinners employ, In ways of o - be-dience

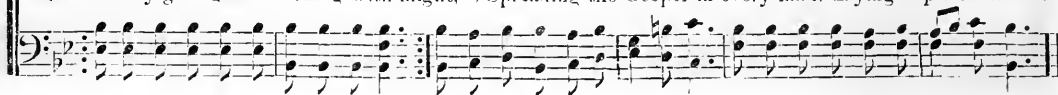


morning sun, Dispelling the shadows of night, { Faith and hope are only given, Till we reach our home in heaven, }
 suff'ring poor, Supplying whatever they need, { There they cease, but charity, Lives through all eternity, }
 cheer and bless, Each heart that is filled with dismay.

faith and love, And lead us to infinite joy.



{ Charity smiles on the children of light, } { God's right hand, }
 { Cheerfully giving and working with might, } { Spreading the Gospel in every land, Laying up treasures at



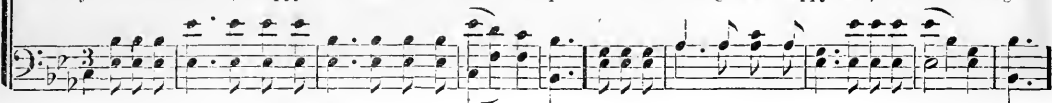
BETTER LAND.

29

Words arranged and partly composed T. W. H.



1. There is a land, far, far a-way. Unseen by mor-tal eye ; Unstained by sin, undimn'd by care. Where pleasures never die.
2. No tempest with its rude alarms Invades those regions fair : But soft and fragrant zephyrs fill The pure, celestial air.
3. They dwell with Christ, a happy band. Redeem'd from sin and pain : And in that bright and happy land, Will never sin again.



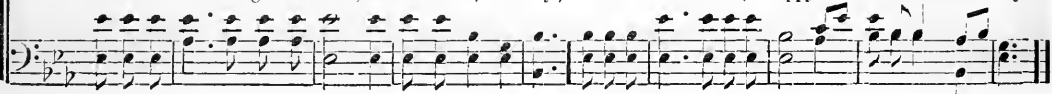
Unlike this sinful world of ours, Its skies are ever bright ; No clouds o'erspread its sunny hours, Nor day gives place to night.
'Tis there that saints immortal dwell, 'Tis there that angels throng ; And all the hosts of heaven swell The grand triumphant song.
But ever in the glorious beams Of God's eternal love, Will dwell throughout unending day In that bright world a-bove.



CHORUS.



That better land, that glorious land, That land far, far away ; Where we shall dwell, a happy band. In one eternal day.



A HUNDRER YEARS TO COME.

Written for this work by G. W. REASEK.

1. Where, where will be the birds that sing, A hundred years to come? The flowers that now in beauty
 2. Who'll press for gold the crowded street. A hundred years to come? Who'll tread the church with willing
 1 Where, where will be the birds that sing. A hun dred years to come?

spring, A hundred years to come? The ro - sy lip, the lofty brow, The
 feet, A hundred years to come? Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth. And

heart that beats so gai - ly now— Oh, where will be loves' beaming eye?
 childhood with its brow of truth, The rich, the poor, on land and sea?

1 Joy's pleasant smile and sorrow's sigh?
2 Where will the mighty millions be?

Where, Oh, where! A hundred years to come?
Where, Oh, where! A hundred years to come?

1 Joys pleas - ant smile and sorrow's sigh?
2 Where will the mighty millions be?

HIGH IN GLORY.

Ra-ff.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear; When we bow before thee, Infant praises hear.
2. Save us, Lord, from sinning, Watch us day by day; Help us now to love thee, Take our sins a - way.

Though thou art so holy, Hear us, mighty King, Thou wilt stoop to list - en, When thy praise we sing,
Then, when thou shalt call us To our heavenly home; We would gladly an - swer, "Saviour, Lord, we come!"

1ST.

1. { Pleasant is our Sunday school; Here we learn the golden rule. }
 { Here we meet our teachers dear. O- [OMIT.] } bey their call with heavenly fear; Here unite in
 2. { Jesus is a faithful friend, Never will his friendship end: }
 { Come to Je-sus, humbly give Thy [OMIT.] } heart, and thou shalt ever live; Come to Jesus,

sweetest song; Here the heavenly strain prolong. Here our loved companions greet, Here our blessed Saviour meet.
 wand'ring one, Come, and thy life's work is done. He will guide through darkest gloom, Bear thee safely to thy home.

PRAISING JESUS.

T. W. H.

1. With happy hearts and voices clear, We celebrate thy praise; With brothers, sisters, teachers dear, We spend our Sabbath days.
 2. We come, repelling thoughts of gloom That mar our pleasures here; Praying, our bark may anchor soon In heaven, that land so [clear.]

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final measure with a repeat sign.

We come, dear Saviour, on this day, With those we dearly love; We come with hearts to watch and pray. Refresh'd from worlds above.
We come, dear Saviour, and resign Our lives into thy care; Leaving this world so dark, behind, And view that land so fair.

WAITING FOR THE FERRYMAN.

T. W. H.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final measure with a repeat sign.

1. In the sweet summer of the year, Beneath life's noonday glare, I wait for one who draweth near, My spirit home to bear.
2. Sometimes, in the dim, solemn night, I hear the dipping oar, And feel that ere the morning light His bark will touch the shore.
3. O weeping love! bid me not stay, Since thou and I shall meet, So soon upon your heavenly way, That leads to Jesus' feet.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final measure with a repeat sign. The word *ritard.* is written above the final measure of the top staff.

Between me and the silent land, A strange, deep streamlet rolls, Which I must cross, led by Death's hand, The ferryman of souls.
Faith leaves me not, on her true breast I lean, and thus grow strong, Becalm'd to more than mortal rest By Her celestial song.
Then hasten, Boatman, why delay? Behold the morning dawn, And by its earliest crimson ray, I'm waiting to be gone.

1st.

1. { When the storms of life are o - ver, All the per - ils of the night, } (mers
 { And our barques are safe - ly anchored, In the heav'n - (OMIT. } ly waters bright; Where the end - less sunlight shim -
 2. { Shall we meet our loved and lost ones, In that radiant happy throng; }
 { Shall we hear their well known voices, Joining in (OMIT. } th' angelic song! Will the same eyes beam upon us,
 3. { We shall see, and know, and love them, Blissful will the meeting be, }
 { When our spirits from the darkness Of this earth's (OMIT. } life are free, When we cross the stormy waters,

CHORUS.

O'er the peaceful haven fair, 'Mid the shining happy angels, We shall meet our loved ones there. When the storms
 Closed in death so long ago? Shall we meet them, shall we know them As we knew them here below?
 To the ha - ven calm and fair, In that land of light and beauty. We shall meet our loved ones there.

of life are o - ver: In the peaceful haven fair, Singing with the shining angels, We shall meet our loved ones there.



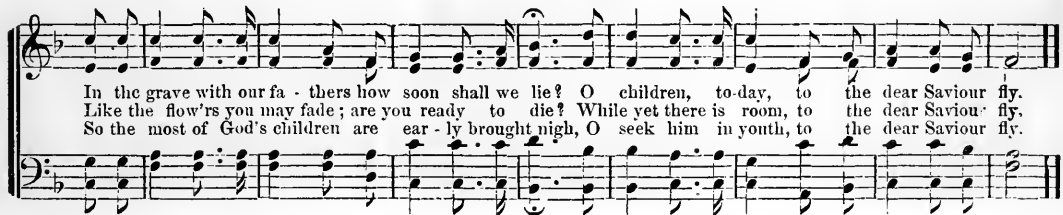
- 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd hear us,
Bless thy little lambs to-night,
Thro' the darkness, be Thou near us,
Keep us safe till morning's light.
- 2 All this day thy hand hath led us,
And we thank thee for thy care,
Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us,
Listen to our evening prayer.
- 3 May our sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends we love so well,
Take us, when we die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

FLY TO THE SAVIOUR.

G. W. REASER.



1. Like mists on the mountain, like ships on the sea, So swift - ly the years of our pil - grimage flee,
2. How sweet are the flow - ers in A - pril and May, Yet oft - en the frost makes them wither a - way,
3. When Samuel was young, he first knew the Lord, He slept in his smiles, and re - gard - ed his word,



In the grave with our fa - thers how soon shall we lie? O children, to-day, to the dear Saviour fly.
Like the flow'rs you may fade; are you ready to die? While yet there is room, to the dear Saviour fly.
So the most of God's children are ear - ly brought nigh, O seek him in youth, to the dear Saviour fly.

1. Dropping down the troubled river, To the tranquil, tranquil shore; Dropping down the misty riv - er, Times'

wil - low saaded riv - er, To the spring embosomed shore, Where the sweet light shineth ev - er, And the

sun goes down no more, O wond' - rous, wond'rous shore!

2 Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea;
Dropping down the narrow river,
Man's weary wayward river,
To the blue and ample sea.
Where no tempest wrecketh ever—
Where the sky is fair and free,
O joyous, joyous sea!

3 Dropping down the noisy river,
To our peaceful, peaceful home,
Dropping down the turbid river,
Earth's bustling crowded river,
To our gentle, gentle home,
Where the rough roar riseth never,
And the erring cannot come,
O loved and longed for home!

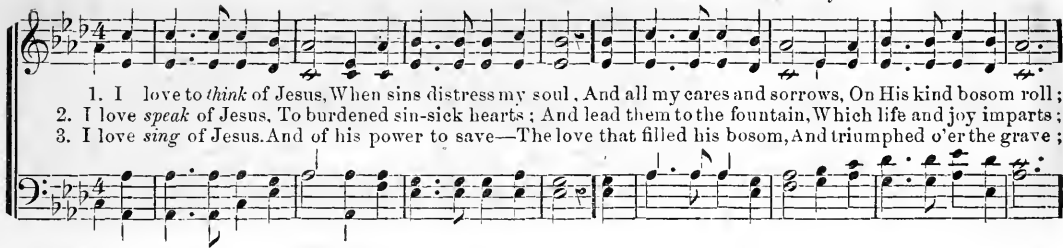
4 Dropping down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried;
Dropping down the perilous river,
Mortality's dark river,
With a sure and Heavenly Guide,
Even Him who to deliver,
My soul from death, hath died,
O, Helmsman true and tried.

5 Dropping down the rapid river,
To the clear and deathless land.
Dropping down the well-known river,
Life's swollen and rushing river,
To the resurrection land,
Where the living live forever.
And the dead have joined the band,
O fair and blessed laud.

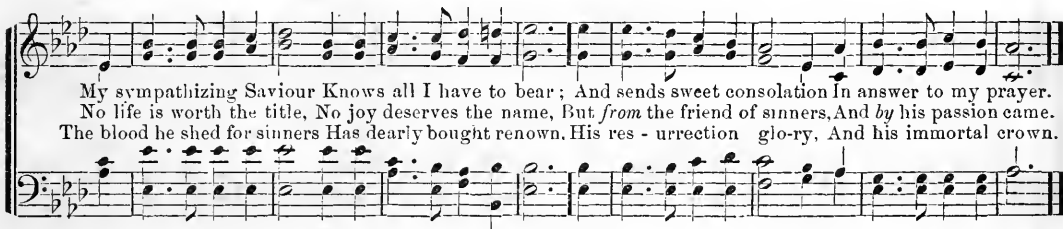
SONG OF JESUS.

37

Words and Music by Rev. D. S. ANDERSON.

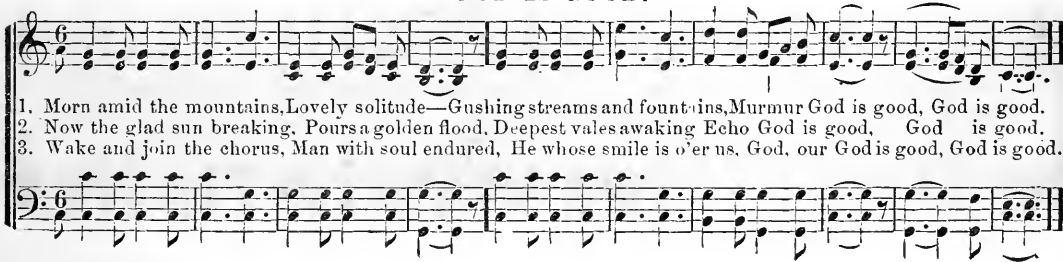


1. I love to *think* of Jesus, When sins distress my soul, And all my cares and sorrows, On His kind bosom roll;
 2. I love *speak* of Jesus, To burdened sin-sick hearts; And lead them to the fountain, Which life and joy imparts;
 3. I love *sing* of Jesus, And of his power to save—The love that filled his bosom, And triumphed o'er the grave;



My sympathizing Saviour Knows all I have to bear; And sends sweet consolation In answer to my prayer.
 No life is worth the title, No joy deserves the name, But *from* the friend of sinners, And *by* his passion came.
 The blood he shed for sinners Has dearly bought renown, His res - urrection glo - ry, And his immortal crown.

GOD IS GOOD.



1. Morn amid the mountains, Lovely solitude—Gushing streams and fountains, Murmur God is good, God is good.
 2. Now the glad sun breaking, Pours a golden flood, Deepest vales awaking Echo God is good, God is good.
 3. Wake and join the chorus, Man with soul endured, He whose smile is o'er us, God, our God is good, God is good.

1. March on to the field of ac - tion, Ye who are brave and strong, And gath - er the good and precious From a -
 2. Turn ye from the paths of e - vil, And list the shepherd's call, Who guides our err - ing footsteps. And
 3. O gath - er the good and pre - cious, Not such as here de - cay, But that which retains its splendor, Through

mong life's busy throng March on, for the golden treasures Are strewn o'er the beauteous land, And they who search to
 finds a home for all, Awake from your dreamy slumbers, Arouse, with your armor bright, Toil while the day is
 realms of endless day. March on to the field of ac - tion, Ye who are brave and strong, Gath - er the good and

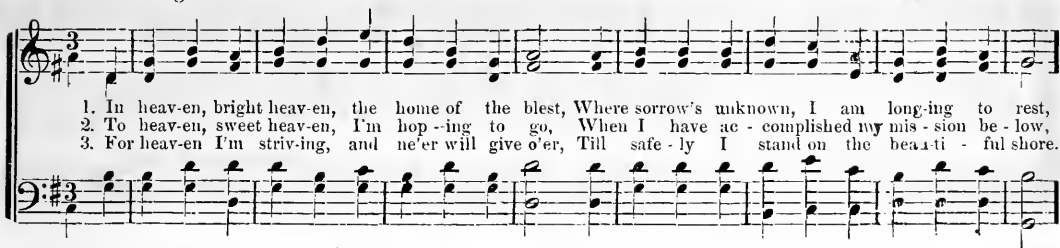
find them, Receive from a boun - ti - ful hand, And they who search to find them, Receive from a boun - ti - ful hand.
 pass - ing, For soon, very soon comes the night. Toil while the day is pass - ing, For soon, ve - ry soon comes the night.
 precious, A - mong all life's great busy throng. Gather the good and precious, A mong all life's great busy throng.

IN HEAVEN THEY ARE WAITING FOR ME.

39

Words arranged.

W. W. BENTLEY.



1. In heav-en, bright heav-en, the home of the blest, Where sorrow's unknown, I am long-ing to rest,
 2. To heav-en, sweet heav-en, I'm hop-ing to go, When I have ac-complished my mis-sion be-low,
 3. For heav-en I'm striv-ing, and ne'er will give o'er, Till safe-ly I stand on the beau-ti-ful shore.



To gain its fair por-tals my ef-orts shall be, For loved ones are wait-ing in heav-en for me.
 The Bi-ble, for-ev-er my standard shall be, For loved ones are waiting, &c.
 Be-yond the dark wa-ters of life's storm-y sea, With loved ones now waiting, &c.

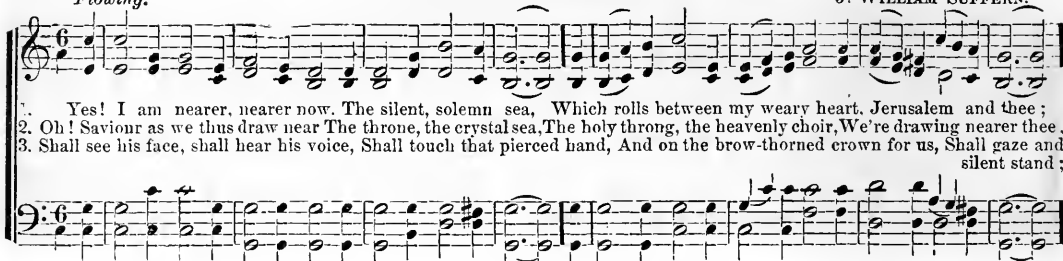
CHORUS.



Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing for me, In heav-en, bright heav-en, They are wait-ing for me.

DRAWING NEARER.

J. WILLIAM SUFFERN.

Flowing.


1. Yes! I am nearer, nearer now. The silent, solemn sea, Which rolls between my weary heart, Jerusalem and thee;
 2. Oh! Saviour as we thus draw near The throne, the crystal sea, The holy throng, the heavenly choir, We're drawing nearer thee.
 3. Shall see his face, shall hear his voice, Shall touch that pierced hand, And on the brow-thorned crown for us, Shall gaze and silent stand;



I'm nearer to the boat-man now, He soon will shout "away," Oh, to my home beyond the sea, I'm near-er ev'-ry day.
 Nearer the hour, when we whose feet, The Olive slopes ne'er trod, Or shores of far off Galilee, Where walked the *Son of God*.
 Oh! tho't to cheer my weary way, With welcome radiance come, Let me remember that each day, I'm drawing nearer home.

REFRAIN.



O, rapt'rous tho't, that rest, sweet rest, Will soon to us be given. Since ev'-ry hour the child of God, Is drawing nearer heaven.

REQUIEM SONG.

41

Tenderly with flowing movement.

W. T. ROGERS.

1st.

1. (Another hand is beck'ning us, Another call is giv'n,) Angel steps, The path which leads to heaven; Our young and gentle
 2. (No paling of the cheek of bloom, Fore-warned us of decay,) silent land, Fell round our sisters way; The light of her young

friend whose smile Made bright the summer hours, A - mid the fruits of autumn time, Has left us with the flowers.
 life went down, As sinks behind the hill, The glo - ry of a setting star, Clear, beauti- ful and still.

GOD IS LOVE. C. M.

ritard.

1. 'Tis murmur'd by the streamlet bright, 'Tis born upon the breeze, In ev'ry laughing zephyr sweet, That whispers thro' the trees.
 2. In golden letters shining bright, We read night's azure page, And find with joy the glad'ning truth On heaven's starry page.
 3. The gentle birds are warbling it, From tree-top high above; And nature, sweet in all her ways, Soft whispers—"God is love."

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Words by Mrs. L. J. S.

Gently and flowing.

1. The Lord is my shepherd. He guards me with care, His goodness and mercy I know; O'er strange paths *He* leads
 2. The Lord is my shepherd. To him I'll give thanks, And sing a new song to his praise, For father - ly kindness, For
 3. The Lord is my shepherd. What blessings, what joys. What comfort He only can give; When hungry and thirsty. The

CHORUS.

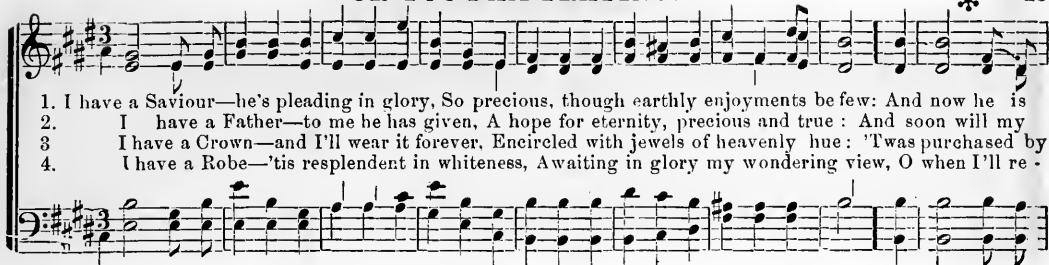
evil I fear, He'll take me life's journey safe through. Yes, He..... is our shep - - herd, He is
 patience and love. I'll bless him, my number of days.
 soul faint within, We cry to our Lord, and we live.

Yes, He is our shepherd, Yes, He is our shepherd,

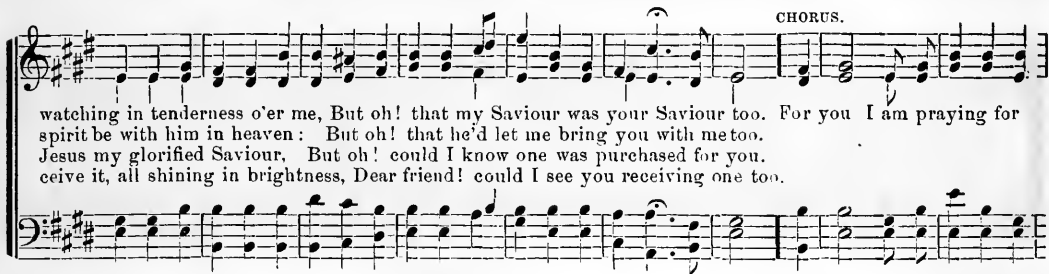
Watchful, loving and true; And He'll guide us to glory in heav'n, He'll guide us, He'll guide us to glory in heav'n.

FOR YOU I AM PRAYING.

* 43



1. I have a Saviour—he's pleading in glory, So precious, though earthly enjoyments be few: And now he is
 2. I have a Father—to me he has given, A hope for eternity, precious and true: And soon will my
 3. I have a Crown—and I'll wear it forever, Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue: 'Twas purchased by
 4. I have a Robe—'tis resplendent in whiteness, Awaiting in glory my wondering view, O when I'll re-



CHORUS.
 watching in tenderness o'er me, But oh! that my Saviour was your Saviour too. For you I am praying for
 spirit be with him in heaven: But oh! that he'd let me bring you with me too.
 Jesus my glorified Saviour, But oh! could I know one was purchased for you.
 ceive it, all shining in brightness, Dear friend! could I see you receiving one too.



you I am praying, Then speak to the Saviour, he's speaking to you.

5 I have a Rest—and the earnest is given,
 Though now for a time 'tis concealed from
 my view,
 'Tis life everlasting—'tis Jesus—'tis heaven!
 And oh! dearest friend let me meet you
 there too!

6 For you I am praying—for you I am pray-
 ing!
 For you I am praying, for you, yes, for
 you,
 And soon shall I hear you rejoicing and
 saying,
 "Your dear loving Saviour is my Sav-
 iour too."

1 { When the morning light, drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full:
 2 { And it draws its line, near the hour of nine, I'll a - [omit. - - - way to Sabbath school, For 'tis
 3 { In the class I'll meet, with the friends I greet, At the time of morning prayer.
 { And our hearts we'll raise in a hymn of praise. For its [omit. always pleasant there. In the
 { May the dews of grace, fill the heavenly place. And the sunshine never fail.
 { While each blooming rose, which in mem'ry grows. Shall a [omit. sweet perfume exhale. When we

there we all agree, and with happy hearts and free. And I love to ear - ly be, at the Sabbath school.
 book of holy truth, full of counsel and reproof. We behold the guide of youth at the Sabbath school.
 mingle here no more, but there met on Jordan's shore, We will talk of moments o'er, at the Sabbath school.

CHORUS. 1ST. TIME. 2D. TIME.

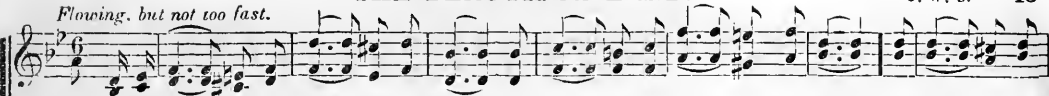
I'll a - way, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the Sabbath school, way to the Sabbath school.

A-way, A-way,

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

J. W. S. 45

Flowing, but not too fast.



1. I've a home in the beau-ti-ful land, Where reigneth the pur-est de-light; No sigh-ing is
2. There are robes in that beau-ti-ful land, Of spot-less and ra-di-ant white; Each pu-ri-fied
3. There are harps in that beau-ti-ful land, Whose tones soul-en-tranc-ing, "a-wake At touch of the
4. There is love in that beau-ti-ful land; In each hap-py bo-som it glows. All fac-es are
5. Yes, a home in that beau-ti-ful land My Saviour has purchased for me. At in-fi-nite

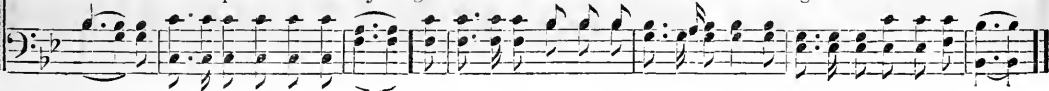


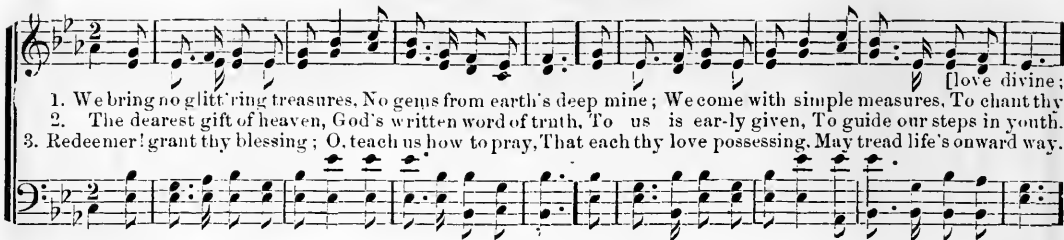
REFRAIN.

there, No clouds of despair—No win-ter, no winter, nor tempest, nor night, Happy home in that beautiful
one Will out-shine the sun, Ar-rayed in those garments, those garments of light.
throng, Where ju-bi-lant song, The joys of sal-va-tion, sal-va-tion a-wake,
bright, With glo-rious light, As from the E-ter-nal, E-ter-nal it flows.
cost He gathered the lost, Who with Him in glo-ry, in glory should be.



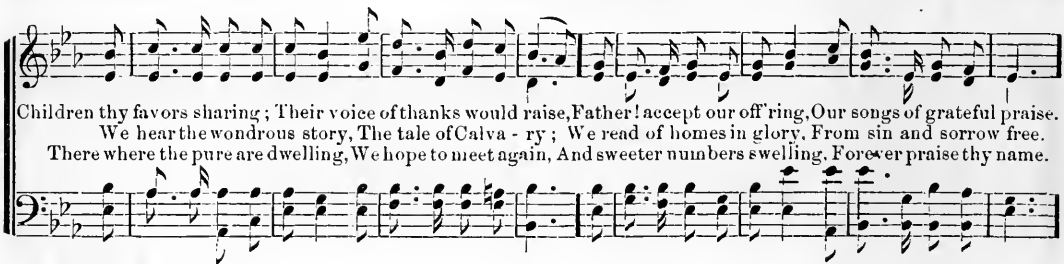
land, That land for the spirit set free. My song will be sweet, As I bow at his feet, Who bought such a mansion for me.





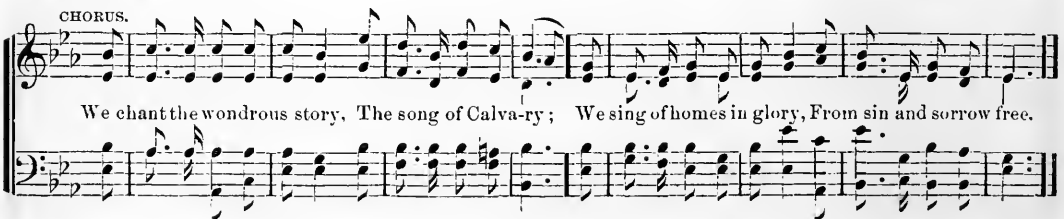
love divine;

1. We bring no glittering treasures, No gems from earth's deep mine; We come with simple measures, To chant thy
2. The dearest gift of heaven, God's written word of truth, To us is early given, To guide our steps in youth.
3. Redeemer! grant thy blessing; O, teach us how to pray, That each thy love possessing, May tread life's onward way.



Children thy favors sharing; Their voice of thanks would raise, Father! accept our offering, Our songs of grateful praise.
We hear the wondrous story, The tale of Calvary; We read of homes in glory, From sin and sorrow free.
There where the pure are dwelling, We hope to meet again, And sweeter numbers swelling, Forever praise thy name.

CHORUS.



We chant the wondrous story, The song of Calvary; We sing of homes in glory, From sin and sorrow free.

ONWARD, ONWARD.

(MISSION SONG.)

1. Onward! onward men of heaven, Bear the Gos - pel Banner high; Rest not till its light is giv - en.
2. Where the Arctic o - cean thunders; Where the trop - ics fiercely glow. Broadly spread its page of wonders,
3. Rade in speech or grim in feature. Dark in spir - it though they be. Show that light to eve - ry creature.

Star of eve - ry pa - gan sky: Send it where the pil - grim stranger Faints 'neath A - sia's vo - tie ray,
Brightly bid its radiance glow: In - dia marks its lus - tre - stealing, Shiv'ring Greenland loves its ray,
Prince or vas - sal, bond or free; Lo! then haste to eve - ry na - tion, Hosts on hosts the ranks sup - ply.

Bid the red-browed for - est ran - ger, Hail it ere it fades a - way, Hail it ere it fades a - way.
Af - rie 'mid her des - erts kneeling, Lifts the un - taught strain of praise, Lifts the un - taught strain of praise.
On - ward, Christ is your sal - va - tion, And your death is vic - to - ry, And your death is vic - to - ry.

SING OF JESUS.

Ra—ff

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er. Of the love that changes nev - er, Who or what from him can sev - er,
 2. With his blood the Lord hath bought them. When they knew him not He sought them. And from all their wand'rings bro't them,
 3. Through the desert Jesus leads them, With the bread of heaven he feeds them, And through all their ways he leads them,

PARTING SONG.

Words by J. C. WELLS.

Those he makes his own.
 His the praise a - lone.
 To their home a - bove.

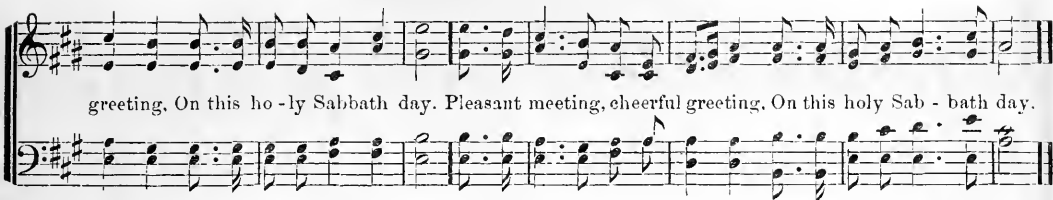
1. O, come again the strain prolong, And let us sing our parting song,
 2. We love the Sabbath school so dear, We love to meet each other here,
 3. Then let us sing our part-ing song, In love a-gain the strain prolong,

CHORUS.

And then we'll to our homes a - way, To meet a - gain next Sabbath day. Pleasant meet - ing, cheerful
 We love to learn and praise and pray, Up - on the ho - ly Sabbath day.
 And then we'll to our homes a - way, To meet a - gain next Sabbath day.

PARTING SONG. Concluded.

49



THEY ARE GOING.

G. W. REASER.

Gently.

THEY ARE GOING HOME. Concluded.

Coda.

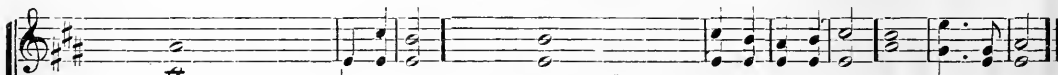
They are carried out to slumber, Sweetly where the violets lie; Go - - ing. going where the violets lie.
 They are going, ev - er go - ing, Thick and fast as falling leaves; Go - - ing. going like the falling leaves.



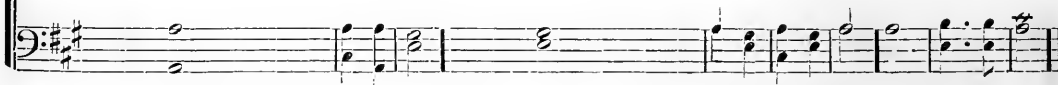
going, going, go - ing,

I'M GOING HOME. Chant.

A. D. FILLMORE.



1. I am a stranger here; No home, no rest I see; Not all earth's courts most dear Can win a sigh from me. I'm going home.

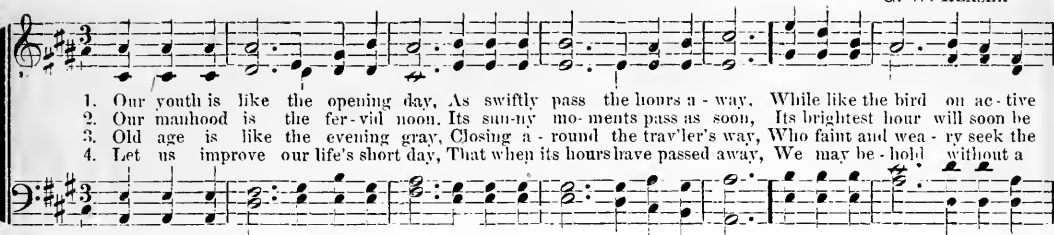


- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2 Jesus, thy home is mine,
 And I thy Father's child;
 With hopes and joys divine,
 The world's a dreary wild.
 I'm going home.</p> | <p>3 Home, O how soft and sweet
 It thrills up- on the heart!
 Home, where the brethren meet.
 And never, never part.
 I'm going home.</p> | <p>4 Home, where the Bridegroom takes
 The purchase of his love;
 Home, where the Father waits
 To welcome saints a - bove.
 I'm going home.</p> |
|--|--|--|

THE DAY OF LIFE.

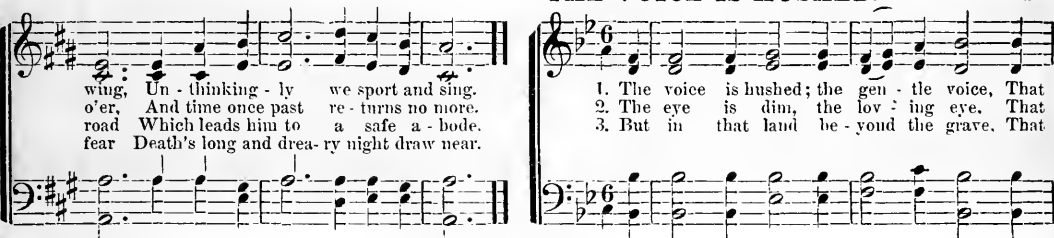
51

G. W. REASER



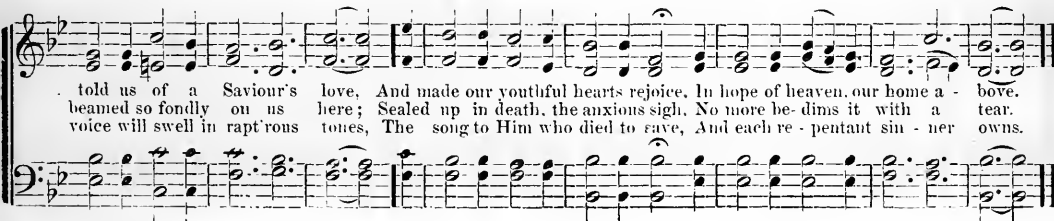
1. Our youth is like the opening day, As swiftly pass the hours a - way, While like the bird on ac - tive
 2. Our manhood is the fer - vil noon. Its sun - ny mo - ments pass as soon, Its brightest hour will soon be
 3. Old age is like the evening gray, Closing a - round the trav'ler's way, Who faint and wea - ry seek the
 4. Let us improve our life's short day, That when its hours have passed away, We may be - hold without a

THE VOICE IS HUSHED. G. W. REASER.



wing, Un - thinking - ly we sport and sing.
 o'er, And time once past re - turns no more.
 road Which leads him to a safe a - bode.
 fear Death's long and drear - y night draw near.

1. The voice is hushed; the gen - tle voice, That
 2. The eye is dim, the lov - ing eye. That
 3. But in that land be - yond the grave, That



told us of a Saviour's love, And made our youthful hearts rejoice, In hope of heaven, our home a - bove.
 beamed so fondly on us here; Sealed up in death, the anxious sigh, No more be - dims it with a tear.
 voice will swell in rapt'rous tones, The song to Him who died to save, And each re - pentant sin - ner owns.

BY AND BY.

1. In the leafy budding spring time, Long ago my sister died, Friends had gathered round her bed-side, I knelt closely by her
 2. When my heart with grief is saddened, When the world a desert seems, Then my little angel sister Comes to me in blissful
 3. Blessed words that bringeth healing To the heart so lone and drear, Bringing light, and joy and gladness, Where 'twas dark-
 lest night be-

side; While we were with tears bemoaning, That she should so early die, Sister, whispered, pointing upward. "By and by,"
 dreams: And her voice is like sweet music, Joy is beaming in her eye, As she whispers, pointing upward, "By and by."
 fore; When our toil on earth is ended, Far a - bove yon vaulted sky, May we meet again, dear sis - ter, "By and by."

BLESSED WORDS.

Ra—ff

1. Je - sus when he lived on earth, Lit - tle children blest, Took them in his loving arms, Laid them on his breast.
 2. Still are true his blessed words, Ne'er to be for - got, "Suf - fer such to come to me, And for - bid them not."
 3. Then to him I'll gladly come, And we'll humbly pray, "Je - sus take me for thine own, Wash my sins away."

THE SHINING WAY.

Ra—ff. 53

1. The pearly gates are open wide, I see the bright array ; On either side the angels glide, To keep the shining way.
 2. When storms arise and darkness clouds The faithful pilgrim's day, On either side the angels glide, To drive the clouds away.
 3. And soon they walk the golden streets, Nor walk they there alone ; On either side the angels glide, To lead them to the throne

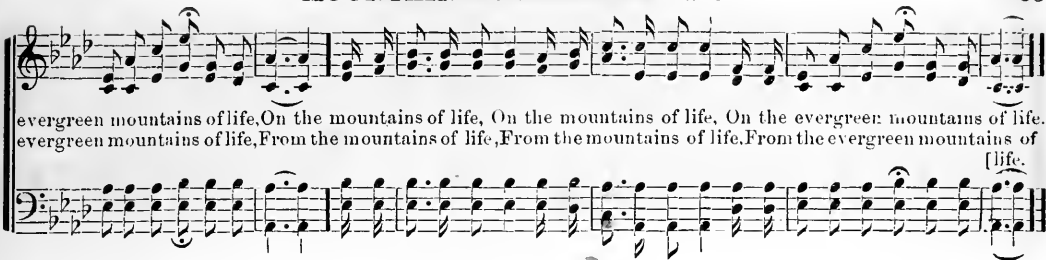
And little children learn to find The way by angel's trod, When Christ's redeemed in union walk, The shining way of God.
 And brighter gleams the morning light Behind the gentle rod : And Christ's redeemed more clearly see The shining way of God.
 And there they wear a starry crown, While mortals tire and plod ; For Christ's redeemed are kings who tread The shining, &c.

The shining way, the shining way, The shining way of God. Where Christ's redeemed in union walk, The shining way of God.
 The shining way, the shining way. The shining way of God. And Christ's redeemed more clearly see The shining way of God.
 The shining way, the shining way. The shining way of God. For Christ's redeemed are kings who tread The shining way of God.

1. There's a land far away, 'mid the stars, we are told. Where they know not the sorrows of time—Where the pure waters
 2. Our grace cannot soar to that beau - tiful land, But our visions have told of its bliss— And our souls by the
 3. O the stars never tread the blue heaven at night, But we think where the ransom'd have trod, And the day never

wander through valleys of gold, And life is a pleasure sublime—'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
 gale from its gardens are fanned, When we faint in the desert of this. And we sometimes have long'd for that holy repose,
 smiles from his palace of light; But we feel the bright smile of our God. We are traveling homeward through changes
 [and gloom,

Where a - ges of splendor e - ter - nal-ly roll, There the way-weary trav-el-er reaches his goal, On the
 When our spirits were torn by temptations and woes, And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows From the
 To a kingdom where pleasures eternally bloom, And our guide is our glory that shines thro' the tomb, From the



THERE IS NO GOD.

Words by W. F. GILCHRIST.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."



1 There is no God! ||
Go to the smiling fields, behold
Each tiny flower, each tender blade, ||
By a creative power unfold,
By a still higher power surveyed, ||
Note each bright changeful hue,
As gleaming forth, they spring from
out the sod, ||
Warmed by the sun, watered by the dew,
Then say "there is no God." ||

2 There is no God! ||
Go to the green and shady wood,
Where birds are pouring songs of praise ||
To the Creator of all good,
And note each lofty elm upraise, ||
Slowly, from tiny shoot,
Unto majestic altitude, ||
Each lofty tree thy words refute,
Who says "there is no God." ||

3 There is no God,
Gaze up into that arch of blue,
As in its old accustomed place
Each twinkling star comes into view,
Slow journeys through those realms of space,
A master's hand hath set them there,
For untold ages have they plod
Across the arch: canst thou gaze there
And say "there is no God?"

4 There is no God!
Each flower, each shrub, each lofty tree.
The stars that greet the evening hour,
Are emblems of the mystery
Of God's unbounded, mighty power,
Revealing all the falsity
Of him who doubts His word;
And he stands forth a living lie.
Who says "there is no God."

1 Sing of Je-sus, sing for-ev - er, Of the love that changes never! Who or what from Him can sever,
 2 Through the desert Jesus leads them, With the bread of heaven He feeds them, And thro' all their way he
 [speeds them,

those He makes His own? With His blood the Lord hath bought them ; When they knew Him not he sought
 [them, And from all their
 to their home above. There they see the Lord who bought them, Him, who came from heaven and sought
 [them, Him who by His

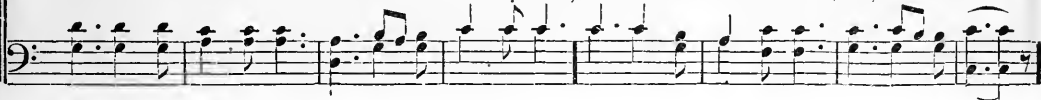
wand'rings brought them, His the praise alone. His the praise, His the praise, His the praise, the praise alone.
 spirit taught them, Him they serve and love, Him they serve, Him they serve, Him they serve, they serve and love.



1. Shall we all reach that land, When time is o'er? Shall we there join the throng On Canaan's shore?
 2. Oh, 'tis a glo-rious land, That land a - bove; There is no sor-row there, All, all is love.
 3. Let us re - mem-ber, then, When cares op - press; We have a home be-yond This wil - der - ness.



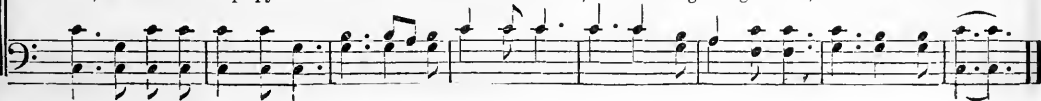
There in that hap-py land, Shall we for - ev - er stand, With the bright an - gel band, For - ev - er - more.
 There tears shall nev - er start, But love shall warm each heart, And friends shall nev - er part; No, nev - er - more.
 Sor - row can nev - er come In - to that heavenly home, And we no more shall roam; No, nev - er - more.



CHORUS.



There, there in that hap-py land. We round the throne shall stand, With the bright angel band, For - ev - er more.



SHE'S SLEEPING, OH HOW SWEETLY.

Words arranged by W. W. B.

W. W. BENTLEY.

In memory of little ALICE CARRIE MCEIROY Bloomington, Ill.

1. { She's sleeping, oh, how sweetly, With snow-drops on her breast,
 { As once she lay at sunset, In calm (OMIT.....) and ho-ly rest, Yet now her gentle beauty Is
 2. { Then lay the damp mold lightly Upon her forehead fair,
 { In summer time the daisies Will bud (OMIT.....) and blossom there, The gentle wind is sighing, In

DUET

touched with holier grace, The pure and lovely sunshine, Has settled on her face. Yet now her gentle beauty Is
 Autumn's crimson bowers, For her whose fairy footsteps Has left us with the flowers. The gentle wind is sighing In

Fine. CHORUS.

touched with holier grace, The pure and love-ly sunshine Has set-tled on her face. She's sleeping, oh, how sweetly,
 Autumn's crimson bowers, For her whose fai-ry footsteps Has left us with the flowers.
 D. S. And in the golden cit - y She waits to meet us there.

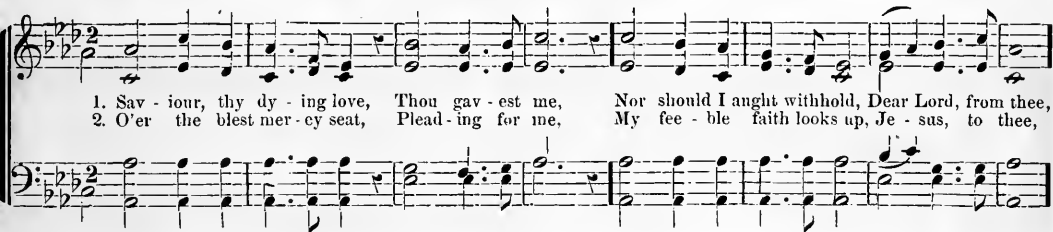


3.
And where immortal music,
From thrilling harps of gold,
Our little lamb has entered
The Saviour's upper fold ;
And in that land whose beauty,
Dawns brightly on her dreams,
She's singing with the angels,
Beside the crystal stream.

4.
And in the crimson sunset,
She's watching from on high,
And chanting low and softly,
The anthems of the sky.
Then mourn not for our loved one,
Who now is bright and fair,
For now she's happy, waiting
To meet the loved one there.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

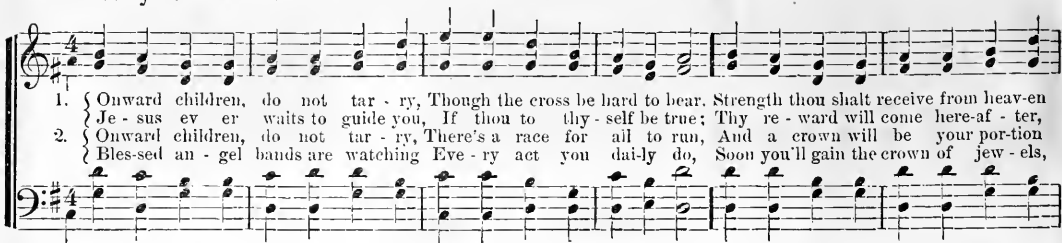
Contributed by C. H. CARROLL.



THE LAND BEYOND THE BLUE.

Words by R. F. HUGHES.

W. W. BENTLEY



1. { Onward children, do not tar - ry, Though the cross be hard to bear, Strength thou shalt receive from heav-en
 { Je - sus ev - er waits to guide you, If thou to thy - self be true; Thy re - ward will come here-a - f - ter,
 2. { Onward children, do not tar - ry, There's a race for all to run, And a crown will be your portion
 { Bles-sed an - gel bands are watching Eve - ry act you dai-ly do, Soon you'll gain the crown of jew - els,

CHORUS.



If thy cour-age fail thee here, }
 In the land be - yond the Blue. { There's a gold-en harp in glo - ry, And a spotless robe for you.
 When your work on earth is done; }
 In the land be - yond the Blue. { There's a golden, &c.



When you reach the ho - ly cit - y, In the land be - yond the Blue.

3.
 Nobly work for Jesus ever,
 Pierce the clouds which thee sur-
 round.
 See the pearly gates are open,
 Hear the angel's welcome sound.
 Look not backward for there's danger.
 Ever keep the throne in view,
 Soon we'll see the shining city
 In the land beyond the Blue.

1. How precious the assurance Which God to us has given, That gentle loving an - gels, From out the hosts of Heaven,
 2. We cannot see the glist'ning Their shining garments show. We cannot hear the flut'ring. As soft wings come and go,
 3. How careful is our Fa - ther, How tender he must be To grant us such attendants, With their sweet ministry,

Encamp around us dai - ly, To keep us from dis - tress, To guard our feet from falling, Our souls from weariness.
 But we believe them with us. As God him - self has said, To shield from harm, and scatter Bright joys around our head.
 O, let us love and praise him, And daily, hour-ly grow More like the loving angels, That watch and guard us so.

WHEN OUR EARTHLY LIFE IS ENDED.

Tune on opposite page.

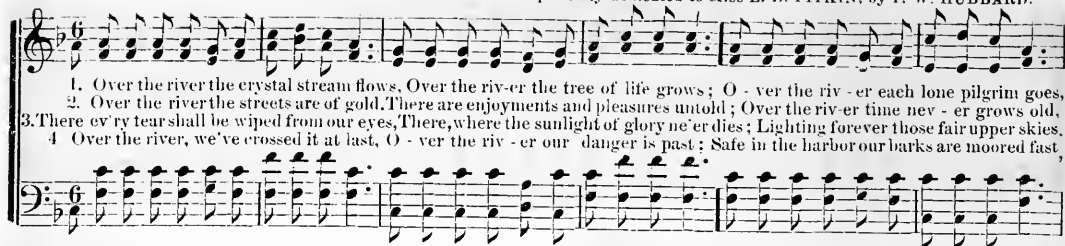
E. E. REXFORD

1 When our earthly life is ended,
 And our noble mission done,
 We shall cross the shining river
 At the setting of life's sun,
 In the bright and golden city,
 Clothed in garments pure and fair,
 Singing with the happy angels,
 We shall meet our loved ones there.
 CHO. Yes we'll meet them in the city,
 That is just across the strand,
 And our hearts will leap with rapture
 When we take them by the hand.

2 Do not tell us that our loved ones
 Loose their earthly memories quite,
 When they sing among the angels,
 In the heavenly mansions bright,
 O I know that we shall know them,
 Though the angels robes they wear,
 When they bid us welcome over.
 To meet our own loved ones there.
 CHO. Yes we'll meet them in the city,
 That is just across the strand,
 And our hearts will leap with rapture
 When we take them by the hand.

OVER THE RIVER.

Respectfully dedicated to Miss E. E. PITKIN, by T. W. HUBBARD.

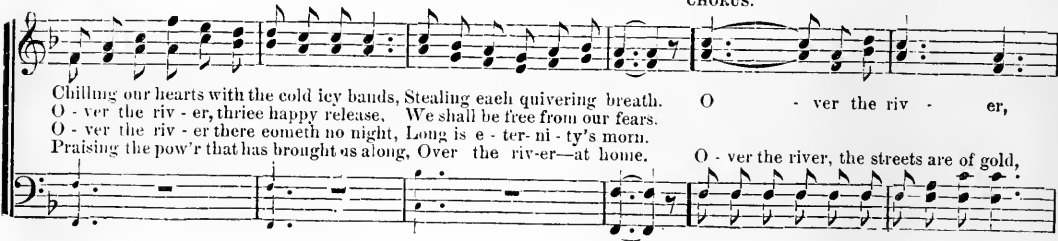


1. Over the river the crystal stream flows, Over the riv-er the tree of life grows; O - ver the riv - er each lone pilgrim goes,
 2. Over the river the streets are of gold. There are enjoyments and pleasures untold; Over the riv-er time nev - er grows old,
 3. There ev'ry tear shall be wiped from our eyes, There, where the sunlight of glory ne'er dies; Lighting forever those fair upper skies.
 4. Over the river, we've crossed it at last, O - ver the riv - er our danger is past; Safe in the harbor our barks are moored fast,



Thro' the dim portals of death. Close by our threshold the dark Angel stands, Beck'ning us on with his pale trembling hands;
 Bearing the bur-den of years. There all our sighing and sorrows shall cease, Hush'd by the chorus of heav-en-ly peace;
 E - den's glad plains to a-dorn. O-ver the riv - er, fair kingdom of light, There, heaven's mansions forever are bright;
 Ne'er from their haven to roam. Then will we sing with the glori-fied throng, Loud hal-le-lu-jahs in one happy song:

CHORUS.



Chilling our hearts with the cold icy bands, Stealing each quivering breath. O - ver the riv - er,
 O - ver the riv - er, three happy release. We shall be free from our fears.
 O - ver the riv - er there cometh no night, Long is e - ter-ni-ty's morn.
 Praising the pow'r that has brought us along, Over the riv-er—at home. O - ver the river, the streets are of gold,

O - - - ver the riv - - - er, O - - - ver the riv - - - er the streets..... are of gold.

There are enjoyments and pleasures untold. Over the riv er time nev - er grows old, Bearing his burden of years.

The musical score for 'Over the River' is written in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets. The lyrics are written below the melody.

FAITH, THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.

T. W. H.

1. Faith—the anchor of the soul, The bright and shining star, That lights our pathway as we go, To vision lands a - far ;
2. Faith may crown the fairest life With wreathes that ne'er shall fade, And flow'rs from Eden's fairest bow'rs, And honors gilded fame ;

Faith the mourner's heart doth cheer, And raise their souls above. And kindle in the wounded breast, A dying Saviour's love.
Faith, like spring's refreshing shower, Like summer's heated ray, May water every glowing joy, And usher in the day.

The musical score for 'Faith, the Anchor of the Soul' is written in G major, 3/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets. The lyrics are written below the melody.

Contributed by C. H. CARROLL.

1. Meet and right it is to sing In ev'ry time and place; Glory to our heavenly King, The God of truth and grace.
 2. Father, God, thy love we praise, Which gave thy Son to die; Jesus full of truth and grace, I live to glory - fy.
 3. Thee, the first-born Son of light, In choral symphonies; Praise by day, day without night, And never, never cease.

DUET.

CHORUS.

Join we then with sweet accord, All in one thanks-giving join. Holy, holy, ho - ly Lord, Eternal praise be thine.
 Spirit, Comforter Divine, Praise by all to Thee be giv'n, Till we in full chorus join. And earth is turned to heaven.
 Angels and Archangels all, Praise the sacred "Three in One." Sing and stop and gaze and fall O'erwhelmed before his [throne.]

IN THE FOLD. (A Hymn for good children.)

INFANT CLASS.

1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, Happy all day long I am; In my tender shepherd's guiding, Liv - ing by his
 2. By his staff still led about, I may wander in and out; Still in sweetest pastures feeding, Nev - er cease or



sweet providing ; He who loves me knows my name, Tends me all my life the same.
comfort needing : Should I thirst or faintness know, See the cooling waters flow.

3 A! then should I dare repine?
I am his and he is mine;
Yet a few bright days I tarry.
Then at last he'll come to carry
Me upon his bosom home—
Even so, dear Shepherd, come.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

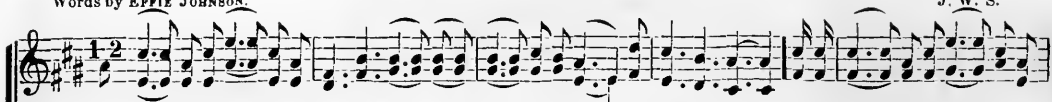
Written for this work by WM. T. ROGERS.



1. I caught a radiant glimpse last night Of the golden city out of sight, Throned on the purple hills of light,
2. I saw the bright-eyed Cherubim ; I saw the smiling Seraphim, And heard them chant their vesper hymn.
3. And there I saw that martyred band, Who in all ages great and grand, Have perished for their native land.



O - ver the riv - er. O - ver the riv - er. Over the river, out of sight, Is the golden city with hills so bright.
p. s. O - ver the riv - er, O - ver the riv - er. D. S.



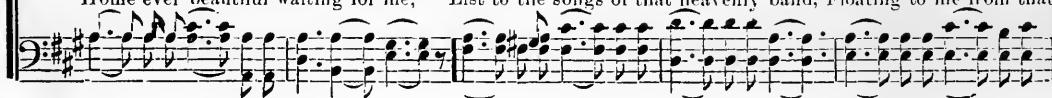
1 Over the river by faith I see, A beautiful home prepared for me, And the songs that they sing in that
 2 Over the river where sin's unknown, 'Neath the tree of life by the great white Throne, They are waiting for me, [and I
 3 Over the river by faith I see, A beautiful home prepared for me, And the songs that they sing in that



heav'nly land, Float over to me from the golden strand. Death never comes to that beautiful land,
 soon shall go. Forgetting the toil and the pain below. He hath redeemed us from Satan's vile power,
 heav'nly land, Float over to me from the golden strand. Patiently waiting by faith do I see.



strife ne'er divides the angelic band, Sorrows dark wing shall be spread never more, Joy ever reigns on that
 stood by our side in temptation's dark hour: Washed our vile hearts in his own precious blood, Sealed us as daughters and
 Home ever beautiful waiting for me; List to the songs of that heavenly band, Floating to me from that



BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

67

ra - diant shore. Glo - ry and hon - or and power and praise, These th'angelic songs they raise.
sons of God.
gold - en strand.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1 So slowly and so softly, The seasons tread their rounds, So surely seeds of Autumn, In spring-time clothe the ground.
2 No mere machine is nature, Wound up and left to play, No wind-harp swept at random, By airs that idly stray.

Amid their measured music What watchful ear can hear God's voice amidst the Garden, Yet hush! for he is here.
A spirit sways the music, A hand is on the clods, O, bow thy heart and listen, That hand, it is the Lord's.

THE LAND UNKNOWN. Heaven.

1. Beyond those chilling winds and gloomy skies, Beyond death's cloudy portal, There is a land whose beauty
 2. A land whose light is never dimmed by shade. Whose fields are ever vernal, Where nothing beautiful can
 3. We may not know how sweet its balmy air. How bright and fair its flowers, We may not hear the songs that
 4. But sometimes when adown the western sky, The fiery sun - light lingers, Its golden gates swing onward

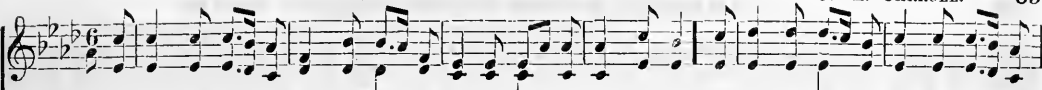
REFRAIN.
 nev - er dies, And love becomes im - mor - tal. Oh, land unknown! Oh land of love Divine!
 ev - er fade, But blooms for aye, e - ter - nal.
 e - cho there, Through those enchant - ed bowers.
 noiselessly, Unlocked by unseen fin - gers.

Father. All-wise, Eter - nal! Guide thou those wand'ring, wayward feet of mine, Into those pastures vernal.

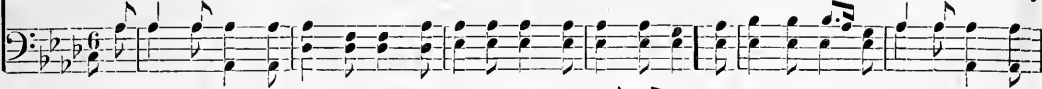
CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

C. H. CARROLL.

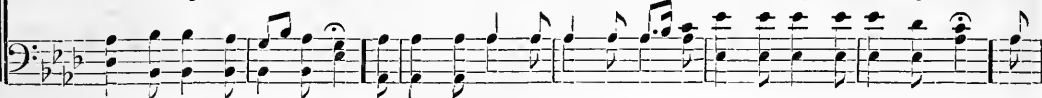
69



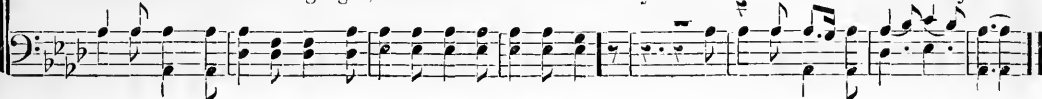
1. Soon to the mansions of the blest, Where infant innocence ascends. Some angels brighter than the rest, The
2. Of their short pilgrimage on earth, Still tender images remain, Still, still they bless thee for their birth. Still
3. O'er thee with ling'ring love they bend, For thee, the Lord of life implores, And oft from sainted bliss descends,
[Thy



spotless spirit flight attends, On wings of ecstasy they rise, Beyond where worlds material roll, Till
filial gratitude retains, Each anxious care, each rending sigh, That wrung for thee the parents breast, Dwells
wounded spirit to restore, Oft in the stillness of the night, They smooth the pillow of thy bed, Oft



some fair sister of the skies, Receives the unpol- luted soul, Receives the un- pol- lut- ed soul,
on remembrance in the sky, Amid the raptures of the blest. Amid the raptures of the blest.
till the morn's returning light, Still watchful hovers o'er thy bed. Still watchful hovers o'er thy bed.



I LONG TO ENTER THOSE PEARLY GATES.

Respectfully inscribed to Miss L. S. WRIGHT. Words and Music by T. W. H.

1 (I long to enter those pearly gates, And walk the streets of gold ;
 I long to reach that heav'nly land, My Saviour [OMIT.....] to be - hold ; I long to bathe in the
 2 (I long to dwell in that purer clime, Where Jesus ev-er reigns ;
 Beyond the sorrows that darken time, Beyond these [OMIT.....] earthly claims ; I long to enter that

crystal fount, That flows by the throne of God ; Be wash'd from ev'ry stain of sin, Made pure by Je-sus' blood.
 land of light, Where shadows of night ne'er come, Where heaven reflects a light so bright, They need no light of sun.

GIVE FREELY.

T. W. H.

1. Give to the needy in distress, If God has blest thy store ; Turn not the suff'ring child of want, In sternness from thy door.
 2. Give to the err - ing wanderer, Lost in the maze of sin, Thy kindly char - i - ty, if thou That callous heart would win.
 3. Give what thou hast, tho' loving words Be all thou hast to give ; It is the Saviour's great command, He will thy gift re - ceive ;

GIVE FREELY. Concluded.

71

Musical score for 'GIVE FREELY. Concluded.' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The piece concludes with a final chord in G major.

Give to the spirit crushed with grief, Thy sympathizing love, And let thy words of steadfast trust, To resigna - tion move.
Again to love of virtue's ways, A - gain to worthy life, Would see a spir - it pure and calm, Re - place that inward strife.
Give what thou hast, tho' loving words Be all thou hast to give, It is the Saviour's great command, He will thy gift receive.

FINISH THY WORK.

Arranged from D. M. BOWMAR.

Musical score for 'FINISH THY WORK.' in G major, 6/8 time. The score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The piece concludes with a final chord in G major.

1. Finish thy work, the time is short, The sun is in the west ; The night is coming on—till then, Think not of rest.
2. Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow, Ungird thee from thy toil ; Take breath, and from each weary limb, Shake [off the soil.
3. Finish thy work, then sit thee down On some celestial hill ; And of its fresh reviving air, Take thou thy fill.
4. Finish thy work, then go in peace, Life's battle fought and won ; Hear from the throne the Master's voice, "Well done, well done."

Musical score for 'FINISH THY WORK.' with lyrics. The score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

Fin - ish thy work,..... Finish thy work,.....

Think not of rest, Think not of rest, Finish thy work, Think not of rest.

REJOICE, THE PROMISED TIME IS COMING.

G. W. REASER.

Rejoice, rejoice, re-joice, the promised time is com-ing, Rejoice, rejoice, re-joice the wilderness shall bloom,

Upper part for Solo voice.

And Zi-on's chil-dren then..... shall sing..... The des-erts all..... are

And Zi-on's children then shall sing. And Zi-on's children then shall sing The des-erts all are blossom-ing, The

D. C. Rejoice, rejoice. After the D. C. of the first period omit the second period.

blos-som-ing,..... 1. The gos-pel ban-ner wide..... un-fur'd.....
 2. And ev-ry crea-ture bond..... or free.....

des-erts all are blos-soming— The gos-pel ban-ner wide unfurled. The gos-pel ban-ner wide unfurled,
 And ev-ry creature, bond or free. And ev-ry creature, bond or free,

REJOICE, REJOICE. Concluded.

73

Shall wave in tri - umph o'er the world.
Shall hail the glo - rious ju - bi - lee..

D.C.

Shall wave in triumph o'er the world, Shall wave in triumph o'er the world. Re - joice, rejoice, re - joice.
Shall hail the glorious ju - bi - lee, Shall hail the glorious ju - bi - lee.

WHEN WE PASS THE SHINING RIVER.

Words and Music by W. W. BENTLEY.

DUET

CHORUS

DUET

CHORUS

1. When we pass the shining riv-er, When we reach the golden shore, There's an end of war forever, We shall see our
2. When we pass the shining riv-er, O how sweet the prospect is, Though we toil and strive at present. Let us not re -
3. When we pass the shining riv-er, Friends long lost again to greet, When we meet to part, no, never, What a cheering

First time Duet. Repeat in Chorus.

foes no more. } All our conflicts then will cease, Followed by e - ter - nal peace, }
pine at this. } All our conflicts then will cease, (OMIT.....) } Followed by e - ter - nal peace.
thought how sweet.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

1. { I am wait-ing by the riv-er, And my heart has waited long, }
 2. { Now I think I hear the chorus [OMIT]..... }
 3. { Far-a-way beyond the riv-er, In this wea-ry vale of tears, }
 { There the tide of bliss is sweeping [OMIT]..... }
 { They are launching on the riv-er, From the calm and quiet shore, }
 { And they soon will bear my spir-it [OMIT]..... }
 { Of the an-gels welcome song, O. I see the dawn is }
 { Thro' the bright and changeless years, O! I long to be with }
 { Where the weary sigh no more, For the tide is swift ly }

break-ing, On the hill - tops of the blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling And the wea - ry are at rest.
 Je - sus, In the mausions of the blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling And the wea - ry are at rest.
 flow - ing, And I long to greet the blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling And the wea - ry are at rest.

Solo in the distance.

CHORUS.
 O! I see the dawn is break-ing, On the hill - tops of the blest,
 O! I see the dawn is break-ing, On the hill - tops of the blest,

SOLO *pp* CHORUS. SOLO *pp* *pp*

Where the wicked, Where the wicked cease from troubling, cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest, are at rest.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is marked 'pp' (pianissimo). The score is divided into sections: a solo section, a chorus section, and another solo section. The lyrics are written below the staves.

THE HOLY CHILD. (Christmas Song.)

W. T. ROGERS.

1. The midnight beamed in brightness, The dark - ness fled a - way; When an - gel choirs in
 2. And when men saw the vis - ion And heard the ho - ly song; They knew the joy was
 3. For seers of old had spo - ken, To us a child is born, As in the spir - it

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into three parts corresponding to the lyrics.

heav - en - sang, The Sav - iour's na - tal day.
 theirs for which The world had wait - ed long.
 they be - held, The light of Christ - mas morn.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into three parts corresponding to the lyrics.

- 4 Near to the Father standeth,
 The angel of the child,
 Because the Christ a-babe was born.
 Holy and undefiled.
- 5 And to all children greeting,
 With morning's earliest ray,
 The light of love from heaven comes,
 On happy Christmas day.

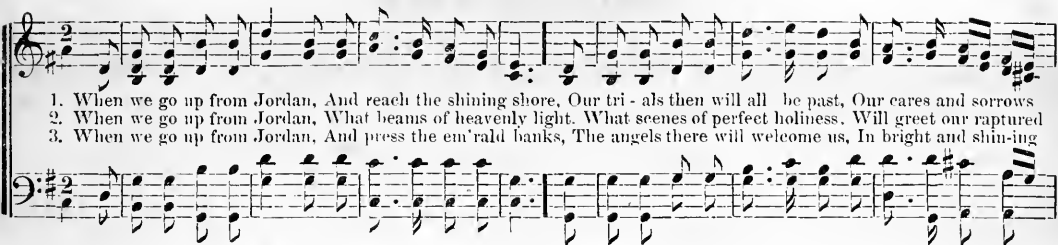
1. Weary child, from day to day, Burdened, fainting; by the way, Sighing, longing to be free. List, a voice, "Come unto me."
 2. Lured by pleasure and by sin, Dark without, disturbed within. Tho' the way you cannot see. List, a voice, "Come unto me."
 3. "Come with all your wants and woes, Come, whatever may oppose, All my gifts are full and free, If you will but come to me."

ritard.
 Toiling in the march of life, Restless in the daily strife, Lonely and by grief oppressed, "Come and I will give you rest."
 Cast away thy gloomy fears, Dry the bitter mourning tears, Weary, doubting, sore, distressed, "Come to me, I'll give you rest."
 Weary child, 'tis Jesus voice. Haste and make the better choice, Go and be the Saviour's guest, Go to him and be at rest.

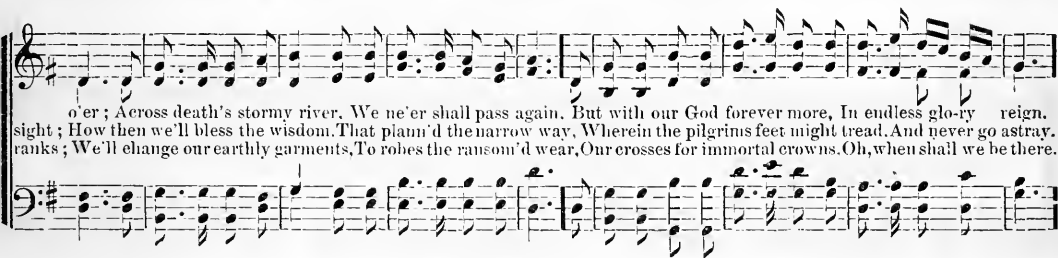
This may be omitted.

CHORUS. ECHO. CHO. ECHO. CHO. ECHO.

Come to me, Come to me, Come to me, Come to me, I'll give you rest, give you rest.
 List the voice, List the voice, List the voice, List the voice,



1. When we go up from Jordan, And reach the shining shore, Our tri - als then will all be past, Our cares and sorrows
 2. When we go up from Jordan, What beams of heavenly light. What scenes of perfect holiness. Will greet our raptured
 3. When we go up from Jordan, And press the em'rald banks, The angels there will welcome us, In bright and shin-ing

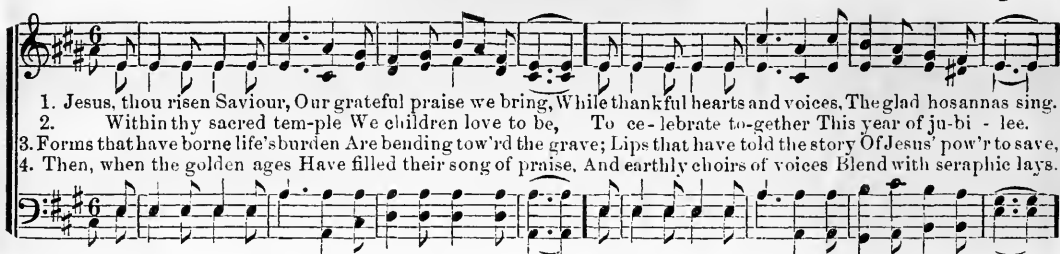


o'er; Across death's stormy river, We ne'er shall pass again. But with our God forever more, In endless glo-ry reign.
 sight; How then we'll bless the wisdom. That plann'd the narrow way, Wherein the pilgrims feet might tread. And never go astray.
 ranks; We'll change our earthly garments, To robes the ransom'd wear, Our crosses for immortal crowns. Oh, when shall we be there.

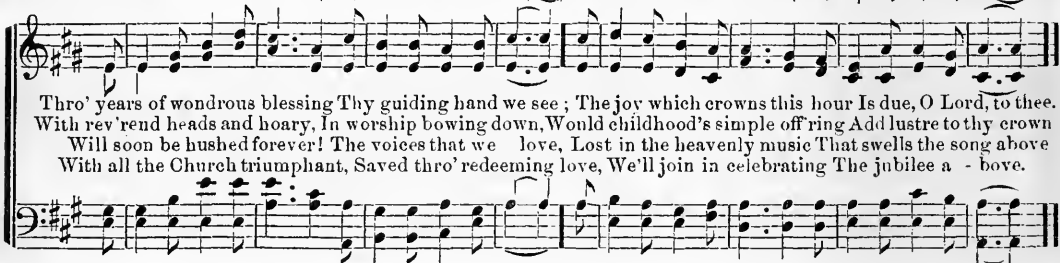
CHORUS.



Then let us sing Ho - sanna, To Christ the Lord of love, When we go up from Jordan, We'll reign with Him above.



1. Jesus, thou risen Saviour, Our grateful praise we bring, While thankful hearts and voices, The glad hosannas sing.
 2. Within thy sacred tem-ple We children love to be, To ce-levrate to-gether This year of ju-bi - lee.
 3. Forms that have borne life's burden Are bending tow'rd the grave; Lips that have told the story Of Jesus' pow'r to save,
 4. Then, when the golden ages Have filled their song of praise, And earthly choirs of voices Blend with seraphic lays.



Thro' years of wondrous blessing Thy guiding hand we see; The joy which crowns this hour Is due, O Lord, to thee.
 With rev'rend heads and hoary, In worship bowing down, Would childhood's simple off'ring Add lustre to thy crown
 Will soon be hushed forever! The voices that we love, Lost in the heavenly music That swells the song above
 With all the Church triumphant, Saved thro' redeeming love, We'll join in celebrating The jubilee a - bove.

INVOCATION.



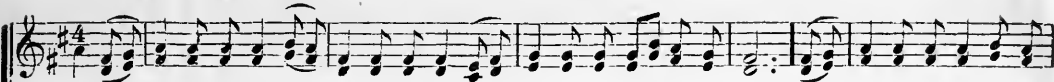
1. God above, thou great Crea - tor Of all things be - neath; Thou who art the wise transla-tor Of the soul from death.
 2. Hear this prayer I fain would offer From a heart a - flame, Grant me grace, a guilty scof-fer Of thy ho - ly name.
 3. Though I've been in days now breathless, In the past's dim thrall; Fill me with thy spirit, deathless, King and Lord of all.

THE BLESSED LAND.

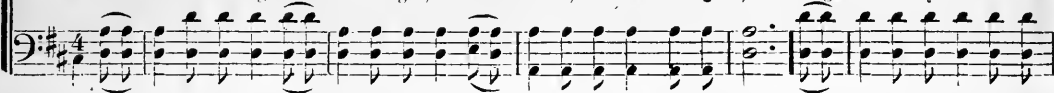
Words by Mrs. E. K. Crawford.

G. W. REASER.

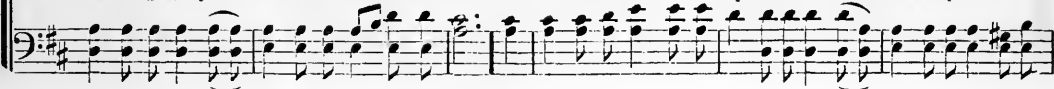
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1. There's a beautiful land, no mortal hath seen, Whose light is the smile of our God, Where only the souls of the
2. There frost never withers the flowers with its blight, And storms never scatter their bloom : And the breezes that blow o'er that
3. The beautiful dead who go out from our sight, To their slumber, there waken again ; And the garments they wear are made



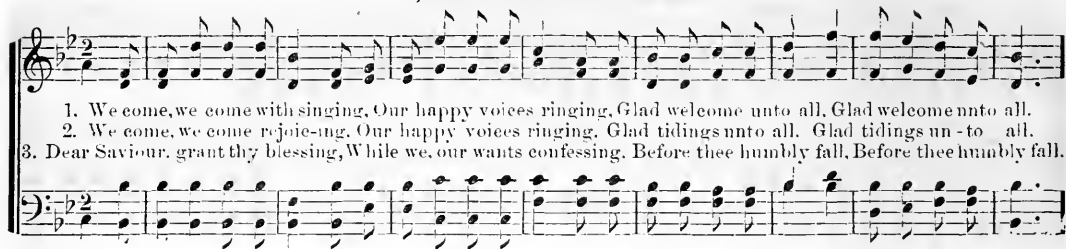
ransomed have been, And the feet of the ransomed have trod, Their glorified vision enraptured beholds. Its mountains and valleys
home of delight, Breathe softly, but not of the tomb, There sounds of farewell on the ear never rise From pallid and quivering
whiter than light, By the blessed Redeemer of men, Their faces will never be dimmed by the tears, That so bitterly furrows our



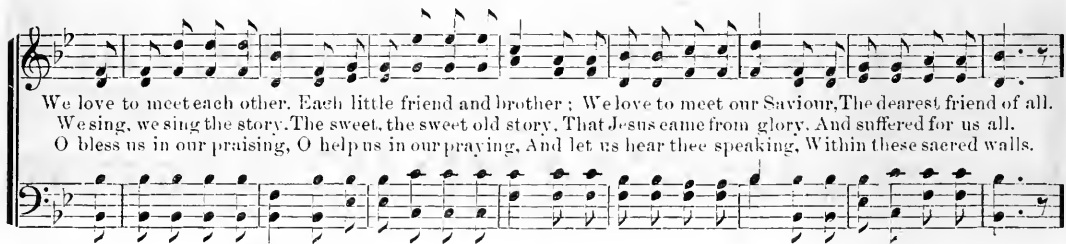
green, And the river of life that unceasingly rolls, Its blossom-decked margins between, Its blossom-decked margins between.
lips, And eyes that are brighter than star-lighted skies, Are not tarnished by death's rude eclipse, Are not tarnished by death's rude
own ; For their spirits are free from all sorrows and fears In that better and happier home, In that better and happier home.



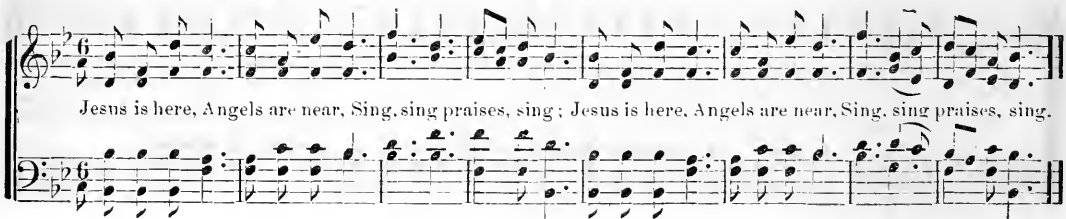
WE COME, WE COME WITH SINGING.



1. We come, we come with singing, Our happy voices ringing, Glad welcome unto all, Glad welcome unto all.
 2. We come, we come rejoicing, Our happy voices ringing, Glad tidings unto all, Glad tidings unto all.
 3. Dear Saviour, grant thy blessing, While we, our wants confessing, Before thee humbly fall, Before thee humbly fall.



We love to meet each other, Each little friend and brother; We love to meet our Saviour, The dearest friend of all.
 We sing, we sing the story, The sweet, the sweet old story, That Jesus came from glory, And suffered for us all.
 O bless us in our praising, O help us in our praying, And let us hear thee speaking, Within these sacred walls.



Jesus is here, Angels are near, Sing, sing praises, sing; Jesus is here, Angels are near, Sing, sing praises, sing.

ALL GLORY TO JESUS.

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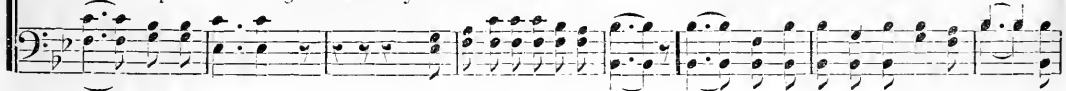
Words by EMMA PITKIN.



1. To Je - sus the Sav - iour of sin - ners. To Je - sus the lov - er of souls. To Je - sus who
 2. From o - ver the dark surging riv - er. From o - ver the riv - er so cold; Whose wa - ters are
 3. To this home of the ransomed we're tending. To this home of the blest we would go. To this home where our



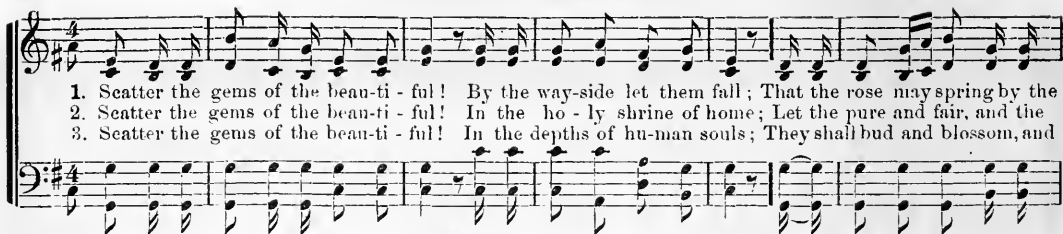
died to redeem us, One an - them e - ternally rolls. Chanted by myriads of blood-washed throngs. From
 sweep - ing for - ev - er On - ward to the ci - ty of Gold. Kneeling in rapture before the throne, The
 foot - steps are wending The glo - ry of Je - sus to know. To kneel with the angels around the throne. The



o - ver the crys - tal sea; This is the burden of all their songs "To Je - sus all glo - ry shall be."
 throng we can al - most see, Chanting the strain that is wafted on. "To Je - sus all glo - ry shall be."
 face of our Saviour to see. And join in the beautiful wondrous song, "To Je - sus all glo - ry shall be."



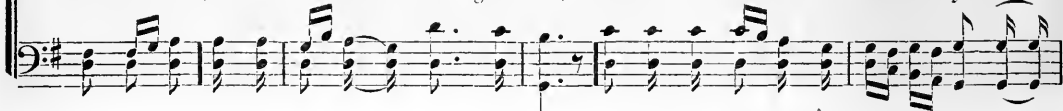
GEMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.



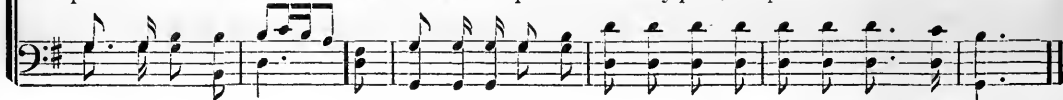
1. Scatter the gems of the beau-ti - ful! By the way-side let them fall; That the rose may spring by the
 2. Scatter the gems of the bean-ti - ful! In the ho - ly shrine of home; Let the pure and fair, and the
 3. Scatter the gems of the beau-ti - ful! In the depths of hu-man souls; They shall bud and blossom, and



cottage gate, And the vine on the gar - den wall; Cov - er the rough and the rude of earth, With a
 graceful there, In the lov - li - est lus - tre come; Leave not a trace of de - form-i-ty there, In the
 bear the fruit, While the end - less a - ges roll; Plant with the flowers of char - i - ty, The




veil of leaves and flowers, And mark with the op'ning bud and cup, The march of sum - mer hours.
 tem - ple of the heart; But gath - er about its hearth the gems, Of na - ture and of art.
 por - tals of the tomb. And the fair and pure a - bout thy path, In par - a - dise shall bloom.

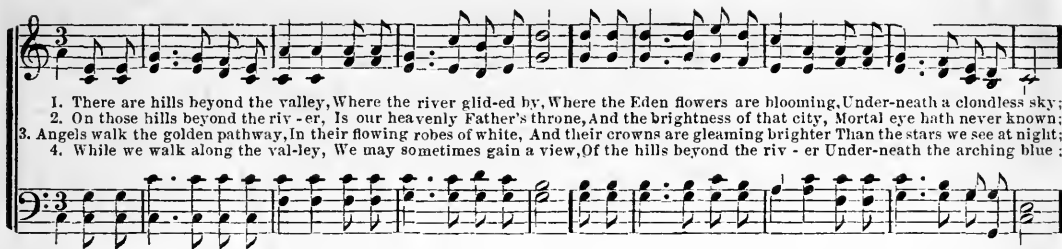


HILLS OF HEAVEN.

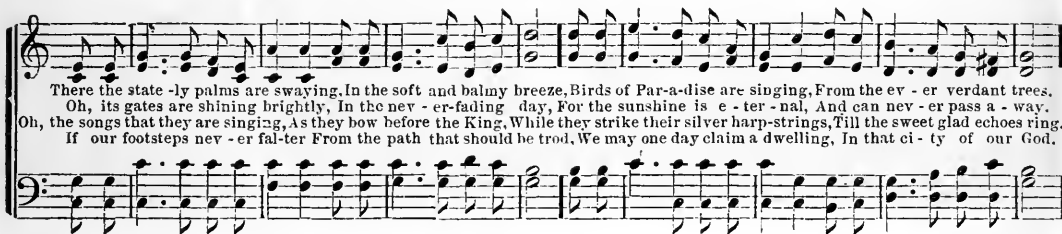
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Words by E. E. REXFORD.

J. W. S.



1. There are hills beyond the valley, Where the river glid-ed by, Where the Eden flowers are blooming, Under-neath a clondless sky;
 2. On those hills beyond the riv - er, Is our heavenly Father's throne, And the brightness of that city, Mortal eye hath never known;
 3. Angels walk the golden pathway, In their flowing robes of white, And their crowns are gleaming brighter Than the stars we see at night;
 4. While we walk along the val-ley, We may sometimes gain a view, Of the hills beyond the riv - er Under-neath the arching blue :



There the state - ly palms are swaying, In the soft and balmy breeze, Birds of Par-a-dise are singing, From the ev - er verdant trees.
 Oh, its gates are shining brightly, In the nev - er-fading day, For the sunshine is e - ter - nal, And can nev - er pass a - way.
 Oh, the songs that they are singing, As they bow before the King, While they strike their silver harp-strings, Till the sweet glad echoes ring.
 If our footsteps nev - er fal-ter From the path that should be trod, We may one day claim a dwelling, In that ci - ty of our God.

REFRAIN.

ritard.



On the hills, across the river, There the weary heart finds rest, In a Saviour's love for-ev - er, On His kind and faithful breast.

Words written for this work by REV. J. R. COLGAN.

Tenderly.

TEA. 1. Lit - the children. Je - sus pleads, Asking you to come; Go to Him with all your needs, He will give you room,
 CHL. 2. Yes, we'll go without de - lay, To His kind embrace; He will teach us how to pray, He will give us grace;
 TEA. 3. Lit - the children don't delay, Je - sus bids you come; Tar - ry not anoth - er day, He will give you room,
 CHL. 4. Yes, we'll go to Je - sus now, Off'ring Him each heart; At His feet we'll humbly bow, Choosing Ma - ry's part,

Tell Him ev - 'ry se - cret sin, Tell him all in prayer; He will make you pure and clean, Will you trust his care.
 For He loved each little one, While He lived be - low; And we know that from His throne, He will meet us now.
 Go to Je - sus, children dear, Now He calls you home; You will find Him very near, Tar - ry not, but come.
 For we hear Him gently say, Suf - fer them to come; He will wash our sins away, He will give us room.

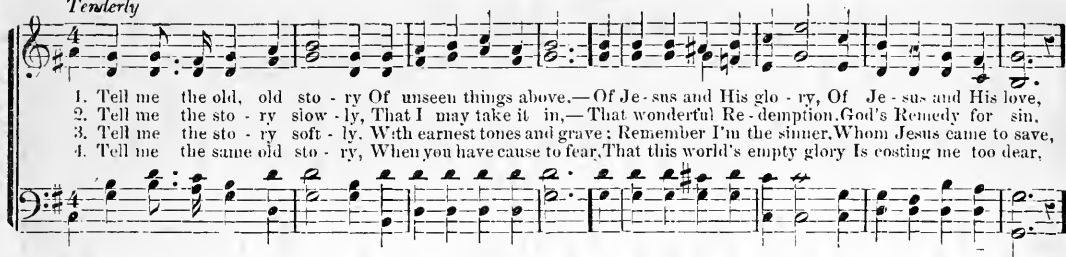
Let our happy hearts rejoice, Glo - ry to His name, For He says with gentle voice, Suffer them to come.
 Happy hearts rejoice, Glory, glory to His name, Says with gentle voice, Suffer them to come.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

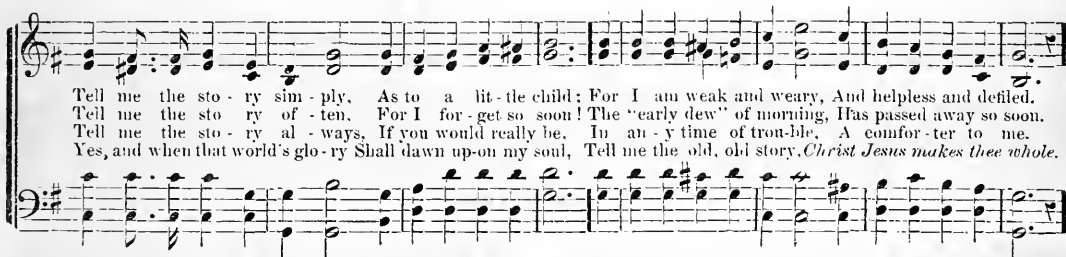
85

Written for this work by A. T. KELLOGG.

Tenderly



1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things above.— Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love,
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in,— That wonderful Re - demption, God's Remedy for sin.
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly. With earnest tones and grave; Remember I'm the sinner, Whom Jesus came to save,
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear, That this world's empty glory Is costing me too dear,



Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child; For I am weak and weary, And helpless and de - filed.
 Tell me the sto - ry of - ten. For I for - get so soon! The "early dew" of morning, Has passed away so soon.
 Tell me the sto - ry al - ways, If you would really be. In an - y time of trouble, A com - for - ter to me.
 Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Shall dawn up-on my soul, Tell me the old, old story, *Christ Jesus makes thee whole.*

CHORUS.



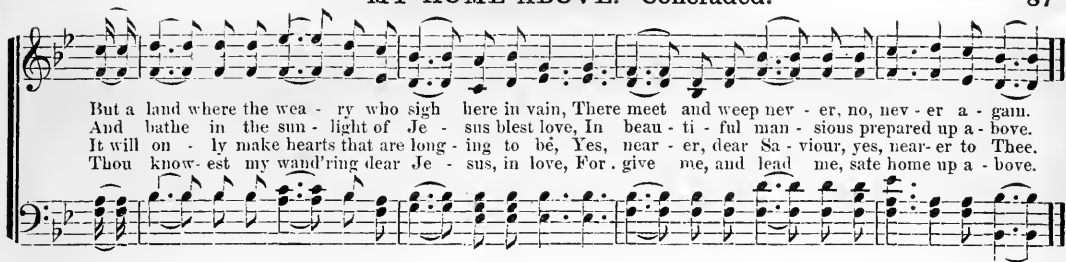
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

1. Sweet to sit at Jesus' feet, Here the heart is lightest; When my Saviour's smile I greet, Joys are pure and brightest;
 2. Hard and weary is the way, When from Him we wander, Are we going thus astray? Let us pause and ponder,
 3. Hasten to the Lamb who died, Sinners lost, benighted, Lo! His hands, his feet, his side! This's the friend you've slighted,

Sorrow's tears yield many sweets, Wiped away at Jesus' feet, Sorrow's tears yield many sweets, Wiped away at Jesus' feet.
 Why in darkness take delight, Why not walk in paths of light, Why in darkness take delight, Why not walk in paths of light.
 On the cross the Saviour bled, Jesus suffered in your stead, On the cross the Saviour bled, Jesus suffered in your stead.

MY HOME ABOVE.

1. There's a home that is wait - ing, a home far a - way, Not a world like we're in where the paths lead a - stray,
 2. There's a home that is wait - ing, how sweet 'tis to think, Of those pure crystal wa - ters for - ev - er to drink,
 3. There's a home that is wait - ing no mat - ter if feet, Are wea - ry and tore by the thorns that we meet,
 4. Yes, that home, sweetest home, will be wait - ing for me, If I, gentle Saviour, will still follow Thee.



But a land where the wea - ry who sigh here in vain, There meet and weep nev - er, no, nev - er a - gain.
 And bathe in the sun - light of Je - sus blest love, In beau - ti - ful man - sions prepared up a - bove.
 It will on - ly make hearts that are long - ing to be, Yes, near - er, dear Sa - viour, yes, near - er to Thee.
 Thou know - est my wand'ring dear Je - sus, in love, For - give me, and lead me, safe home up a - bove.

SONS OF ZION.

Ra—ff.


1. Sons of Zion, raise your songs, Praise to Zion's King belongs; His the victor's crown and fame, Glory to the Saviour's name!
 2. Sing we then the Victor's praise; Go ye forth and strew the ways: Bid Him welcome to His throne, He is worthy, He alone!

Sore the strife, but rich the prize. Precious in the victor's eyes, Glorious is the work achieved, Satan vanquished, man relieved.
 Place the crown upon His brow, Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow; Him the brightest seraph sings, Heaven proclaims Him King of [kings]!

Words by MRS. M. A. WHITAKER.

Ra—ff.

1. Ring out, ring out, sweet silver bells, A joyous, joyous chime, Your welcome music ever tells, A Saviour's love divine ;
 2. Ring out sweet bells, a happy strain, Awake each tuneful voice ; To praise His dear and holy name, In Him let all rejoice ;
 3. Ring out your free, inspiring call, Sweet bells of silver tongue : Before His footstool here we fall, And breathe our grateful song :

Thrice blessed is the glad some sound, Now pealing on the air; With willing hearts let us be gone To God's own house of prayer.
 We are the children of his love, U - ni - ted may we live; He stoops from his bright throne above, To pity and forgive.
 To us - ye speak of joys unseen, Im - mor - tal life and light, A world of purity serene, Where *Faith* is changed to sight.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1. The Sunday-school, that blessed place, O! I would rather stay Within its walls, a child of grace. Than spend my hours in play.
 2. 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died For sinners such as I; Oh! what has all the world beside, That I should prize so high!
 3. Then let our grateful tribute rise, And songs of praise be given To Him who dwells above the skies, For such a blessing given.

CHO. *The Sunday-school, the Sunday school, O! 'tis the place I love, For there I learn the golden rule, Which leads to joys above.*

1. Gladly welcome, Sabbath morning, Thou the greatest treasure given; Comes to us the earth adorning, 'Tis the richest boon of heaven.
 2. When our six days work is over, Then we rest from toil and care; Yes, we hail thee Sabbath morning, And to Sabbath school repair.
 3. Blessed morning, holy dawning, With thy brightness thou dost cheer; And the darkness disappearing, When thy heav'nly light is near
 4. At thy coming, thou art telling Humble hearts to watch and pray; Thou art lighting every dwelling, Omen of the coming day.

CHORUS

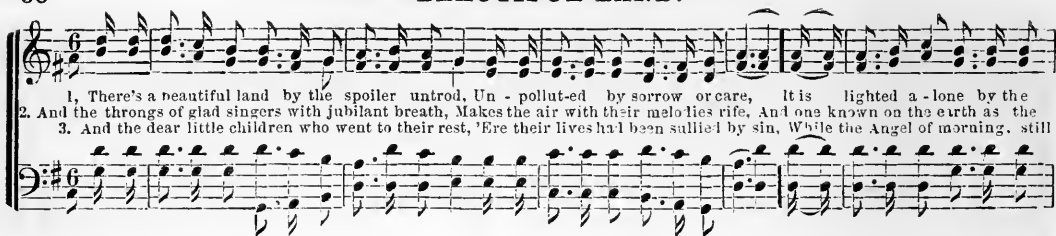
Yes we hail, gladly hail thee, Hail the day we love best, Yes, we hail the Sabbath morn, Far more blessed than the rest.

DAY OF REST.

T. W. H.

1. How sweet the Sabbath morn, Its tidings O how blest, Its sunlight the earth to adorn, And bringing the sweetest rest.
 2. How sweet the Sabbath morn, To those who love the Lord, 'Tis then to His house we repair, And ponder his precious word.

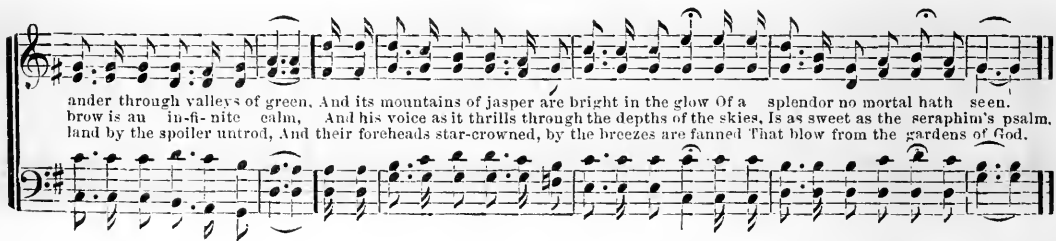
BEAUTIFUL LAND.



1, There's a beautiful land by the spoiler untrod, Un - pollut-ed by sorrow or care, It is lighted a - lone by the
 2. And the throngs of glad singers with jubilant breath, Makes the air with their melodies rife, And one known on the earth as the
 3. And the dear little children who went to their rest, 'Ere their lives had been sullied by sin, While the Angel of morning, still



presence of God, Whose throne and whose temple are there, Its crys-tal-line streams with a murmurous flow, Me -
 Angel of Death, Shines here as the Angel of Life! An in - fi-nite ten-derness beams from his eyes, On His
 tar - ried a guest, Their spirit's pure temple with - in. All are there, all are there in that beautiful land, The



ander through valleys of green, And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.
 brow is an in-fi-nite calm, And his voice as it thrills through the depths of the skies, Is as sweet as the seraphim's psalm.
 land by the spoiler untrod, And their foreheads star-crowned, by the breezes are fanned That blow from the gardens of God.

HOLINESS BECOMETH THINE HOUSE.

91

Inscribed to the Sabbath School at Apple Creek, Ohio.

G. W. REASER.

Slow

Holiness, holiness, holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, Holiness, holiness, holiness, becometh thine

This system features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Slow'.

a little faster.

house, O Lord, Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness becometh thine house, O Lord! For ever and

holiness, holiness, holiness becometh thine house.

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'a little faster.' The time signature changes to 3/4.

ever, For-ev-er and ever, Forever and ever, Forev-er and ever, Forever and ever, Forever. A - men.

This system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The melody and accompaniment continue in 3/4 time.

ANGELS WILL WELCOME US HOME.

Miss IDA WHIPPLE.

Written especially for this work by W. W. BENTLEY.

1. How drear is the wild - er - ness way. How ma - ny the dan - gers we meet, Our
 2. How oft - en we're summoned to part, With some cherished friend that we love, While
 3. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way o'er, This wea - ri - some pil - grim - age ends, There its

This may be played in the key of E_b.

hopes and our pleasures de - cay, And lie in the dust at our feet, Yet one joyous promise remains, To
 grief sits supreme in the heart, What peace cometh down from above, They never will smile on us more, While
 tri - als and la - bors are gone. The sun in our heaven descends, And sweet is the promise of rest, And

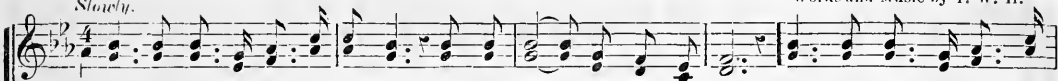
cheer our faint hearts in the gloom, When ended life's sorrows and pains. The angels will welcome us home.
 thro' the bleak desert we roam, Yet safe on the ev - er - green shore, The angels will welcome us home.
 sweet is the meeting to come, For soon in the realms of the blest, The angels will welcome us home.

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

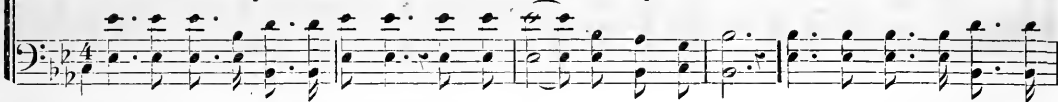
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Words and Music by T. W. H.

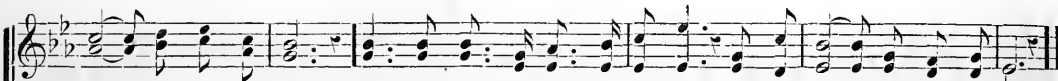
Slowly.



1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, In that clime where an-gels dwell? Shall we meet where friendship
2. Shall we en - ter heaven singing. Singing songs we've sung be - fore, With our hap - py voi - ces
3. Yes, we'll meet beyond the riv - er, Where flow'rs of friendship never die, We shall meet our loved com-



nev - er Saddest tales of sorrow tell? Shall we meet where flow'rs are blooming, Ev - er
sing - ing, When the cares of life are o'er? Shall we meet our loved companions On that
pan-ions, Christ will all our wants supply; Yes, we'll meet beyond the riv - er, Where the



fade - less, ev - er fair. Where the light of day il - luming, Lives of those who en - ter there?
bright - er, fair - er shore? When this life's great work is end - ed, Shall we meet to part no more?
flow - ers nev - er die, We shall meet our loved companions, Christ will all our wants sup-ply.

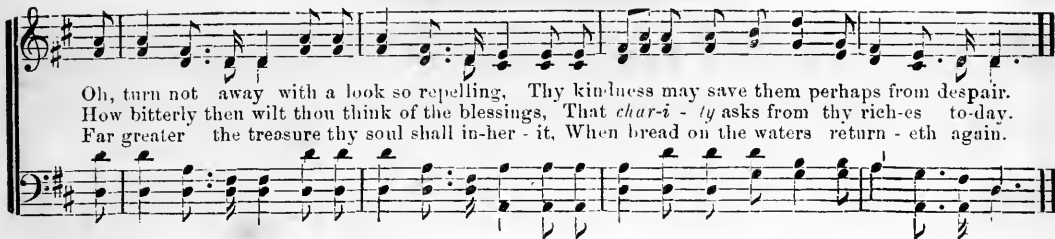


REMEMBER THE POOR.

1. Remember the poor, for the bleak winds are blowing, And brightly the frost pearls are glit'ring around,
 2. Remember the poor, when the hearth-stone is cheerful, And happy hearts gather around the bright blaze,
 3. Remem-ber the poor, as you thankfully gath - er, Each round his rich table with luxury spread;

The streamlets have ceased all their musical flowing, And snow-drifts lie scattered all over the ground.
 Their hearts then are sad, and their eyes then are tearful, Though bright as thine own in their summer days.
 Thou too art a pension - er on a rich Father, For health and for friendship, for raiment and bread.

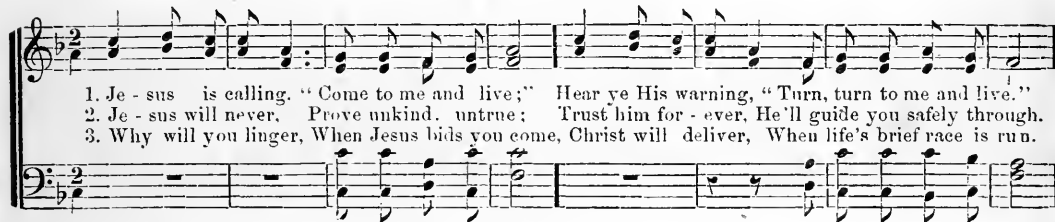
Remember the poor in their comfortless dwellings, Ill-clad and ill-fed and o'er burdened with care;
 Mis-fortune may scatter thy present possessions, And coldly to pov - erty leave thee a prey;
 If He hath been boun-ti-ful, with a like spirit, Dispense of that bounty what charity claims,



Oh, turn not away with a look so repelling, Thy kindness may save them perhaps from despair.
How bitterly then wilt thou think of the blessings, That *char-i - ty* asks from thy rich-es to-day.
Far greater the treasure thy soul shall in-her - it, When bread on the waters return - eth again.

JESUS IS CALLING.

T. W. H.



1. Je - sus is calling, "Come to me and live;" Hear ye His warning, "Turn, turn to me and live."
2. Je - sus will never, Prove unkind, untrue; Trust him for - ever, He'll guide you safely through.
3. Why will you linger, When Jesus bids you come, Christ will deliver, When life's brief race is run.

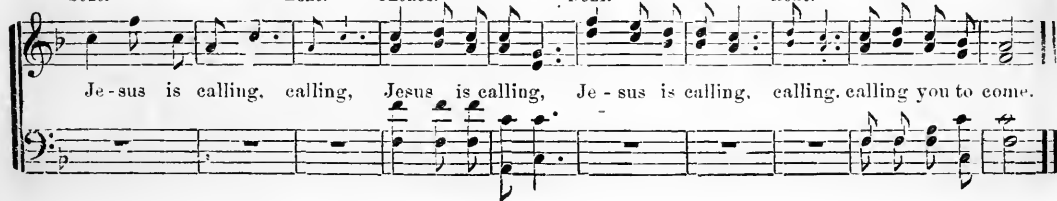
Solo.

Echo.

CHORUS.

DUET.

Echo.



Je - sus is calling, calling, Jesus is calling, Je - sus is calling, calling, calling you to come.

1. Out on the billows of life's troubled ocean, Tossed by the tempest, and pow'rless to save, Each fearful moment of
 2. Be calm, troubled bosom, the lifeboat is nigh; Jesus, the Captain, is Saviour and friend. Hark, hark! he invites thee. O
 3. Embark in the life-boat, since Jesus is there; In life's darkest trials to give thee relief; Thy grief and thy burdens he

[Feeblest of
 wildest commotion, Threat'ning to plunge thee beneath the dark wave. "O! pity and save me, great Father," the cry,
 haste to reply. Grieving his spirit, he ne'er will attend To thy plaint in the peril; distrust not his power, Safely he'll
 freely will share. He is a Saviour, acquainted with grief; Accept of his mercy, no other can save; No noble en-

atons tossed on the wild sea, As helpless, as hopeless, un-less there come nigh A gracious de-liv-er, com-
 mitor thee beyond the rough sea. And my-riads are sinking, delay not the hour. For dark, dashing billows may
 deav-or, thro' angels record; Will purchase salvation beyond the dark wave; 'Twas purchased by Jesus, Re-

missioned by thee, A life-boat, a life-boat! O could I des-cry, I'd joy in the tempest, and peril de-fy.
o-verwhelm thee, Embark in the life-boat, Why wilt thou delay, Since Jesus, its captain, the tempests obey.
deemer and Lord, Adorable Captain, he bids thee to come, Embark in the Life-Boat, while yet there is room.

SEED TIME.

Ra-ff.

1. In the furrows of thy life, Scatter seed, scatter seed! Small may be thy spirit field, But a good-ly
2. Sun and shower aid thee now; Scatter seed, scatter seed! Who can tell where grain may grow; Winds are blowing

crop 'twill yield, Sow the kindly word and deed; Scatter seed, scatter seed!
to and fro; Daily good thy simple creed. Scatter seed, scatter seed!

- 3 Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed, scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground,
Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed.
Scatter seed, scatter seed!
- 4 Spring time always dawns for thee;
Scatter seed, scatter seed!
Open thy spirit's golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more,
God will give thee to thy need;
Scatter seed, scatter seed!

1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joyfully along? When hill and valley ringing With one triumphant song?
2. When from the craggy mountain The sacred shout shall fly, And shady vales and fountains Shall echo the reply;

Proclaim the contest ended, And Him who once was slain, Again to earth descended, In righteousness to reign?
High tower and lowly dwelling Shall send the chorus round; All hallelu-jahs swell-ing In one eter-nal sound.

THANKSGIVING CHANT.

* 1ST REPONSE CHORUS.

* 2D RESPONSE CHORUS.

ALL.

For his mer-cy en - dur-eth for - ev - er. For his mercy en - dureth for - ev - er. A - men.

* Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

- 1 O give thanks unto the Lord.—1st Resp.
- 2 O give thanks unto the Lord of lords.—1st Resp.
- 3 To him that by wisdom made the heaven.—1st Resp.
- 4 To him that made great lights.—1st Resp.
- 5 Who remembered us in our low estate.—1st Resp.
- 6 Who giveth food of all flesh.—1st Resp.

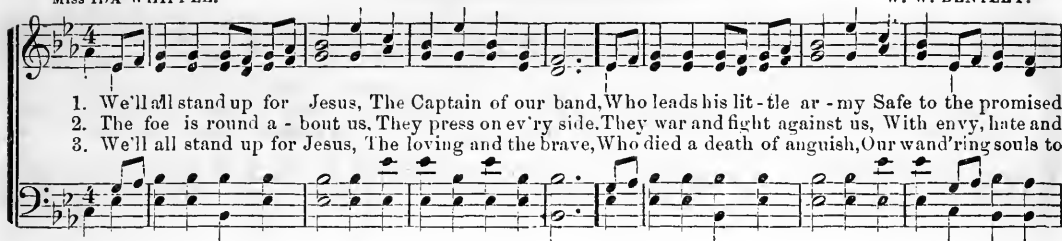
- O give thanks unto the God of gods.—2d Resp.
- To him who alone doeth great wonders.—2d Resp.
- To him that stretched out the earth above the waters.—2d Resp.
- The sun to rule by day, the moon and stars to rule by night.—2d Resp.
- And hath redeemed us from our enemies.—2d Resp.
- O give thanks unto the God of heaven.—2d Resp. Amen.

WE'LL ALL STAND UP FOR JESUS.

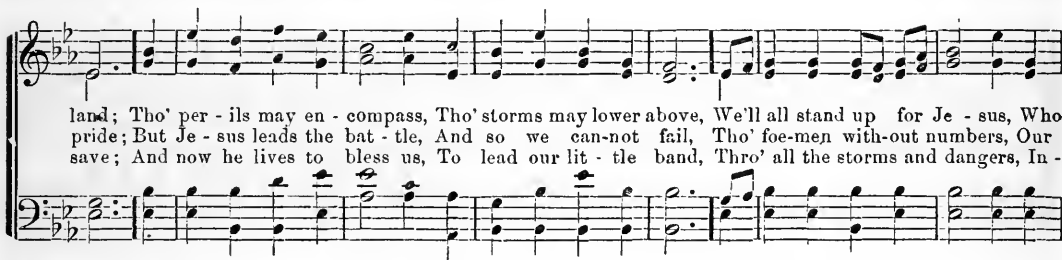
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Miss IDA WHIPPLE.

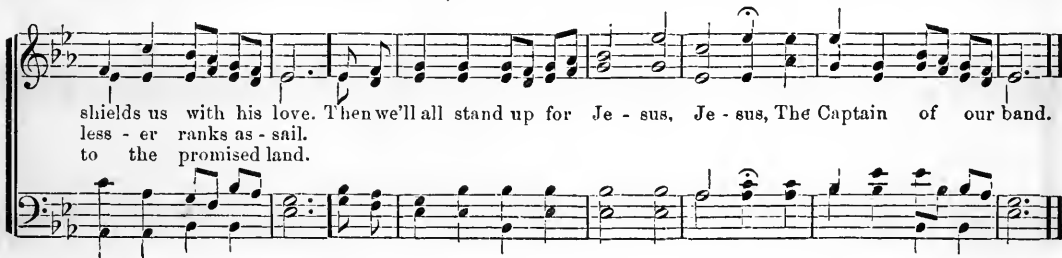
W. W. BENTLEY.



1. We'll all stand up for Jesus, The Captain of our band, Who leads his lit-tle ar-my Safe to the promised
 2. The foe is round a-bout us, They press on ev'ry side, They war and fight against us, With envy, hate and
 3. We'll all stand up for Jesus, The loving and the brave, Who died a death of anguish, Our wand'ring souls to



land; Tho' per-ils may en-compass, Tho' storms may lower above, We'll all stand up for Je-sus, Who
 pride; But Je-sus leads the bat-tle, And so we can-not fail, Tho' foe-men with-out numbers, Our
 save; And now he lives to bless us, To lead our lit-tle band, Thro' all the storms and dangers, In-



shields us with his love. Then we'll all stand up for Je-sus, Je-sus, The Captain of our band.
 less-er ranks as-sail.
 to the promised land.

1. To Thee, O precious Saviour, We dedicate this room, Come ever blessed spirit, Dwell in our Sabbath home ;
 2. Instruct us Heav'nly Teacher, Thy sacred word reveal ; And by Thy grace assist us, To do Thy right-eous will ;
 3. Thus train us in life's morning, For service yet to come, To bear the cross with gladness, Till thou shalt call us home ;

Dwell in our hearts dear Jesus, We give ourselves to Thee, Wash us in blood atoning, Poured out on Cal-vary.
 Guard all our steps dear Saviour, And on our pathway shine, Dispel all doubt and darkness, And make us wholly thine.
 And when we meet in heaven, And join the blood-wash'd throng, Redeeming love forever, Shall be our joyful song.

JESUS, SAVIOUR.

Ra—ff

1. Je - sus, ten - der Saviour, Hast Thou died for me? Make me ver - y thankful, In my heart to Thee.
 2. When the saddest sto - ry Of thy grief I read ; Make me ver - y sor - ry, For my sins in - deed.
 3. Soon I hope in glo - ry, At thy feet to stand, Make me meet to see Thee, In that hap - py land.

1. We love our Sunday School, We love each lit - tle rule, That makes us good and true, In ev - 'ry thing we do.
2. We love our songs of praise, We love our joy - ous lays, We love our classmates dear, And all who greet us here.

MORNING SONG.

1. Night is o - ver, light is streaming, Thro' my win - dow pane 'tis come, And the sun's bright rays are beaming, On my
2. Night is o - ver, morning cometh, Her - ald - ing the glorious day, And the night with darkness waneth, With the

own dear hap - py, hap - py home, God has watched me thro' the night, God it is who sends, who sends the light.
sun's first glist'ning, glist'ning ray, Fath - er keep me, keep me still, Father keep me, help to do thy will.

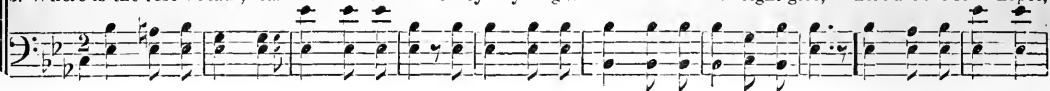


1. Where are the green leaves, Where are the flowers, That brightened with beauty the long summer hours, Where are the

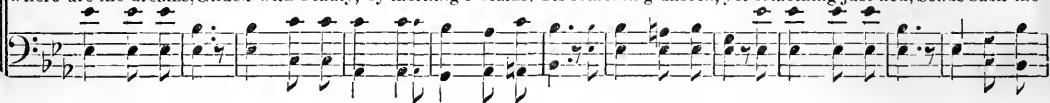
rainbows,

2. Where are the rosy cheeks, where are the eyes, As blue as the ether vail, we call the skies, Where are the white hands,

3. Where is the rose-wreath, braided for me. And mem'ry of young life and childhood's bright glee, Where are the fond hopes,



where are the dews, Col - ors so radiant, gems so profuse. Faded and dead, oh, something so sad, Breathes in those dimpled and small, Once opened warmly in greeting all, Where are the curls, and where the fair head? Echo sighs where are the dreams, Gilded with beauty, by morning's beams, 'Tis something unseen, yet something just fled, Sends back the



little words faded and dead, Breathes in those little words, faded and dead.
mournfully, faded and dead, Echo sighs mournfully, faded and dead.
whispered words, faded and dead, Sends back the whispered words, faded and
[dead.



4 Earth, I am weary of thee and thy gems,
Weary of watching the buds and the stems

Wither away, and dream, hope, and heart,

Tarry awhile and forever depart.
Fain would I be where no voices fled,

Sing to me mournfully,—faded and dead.

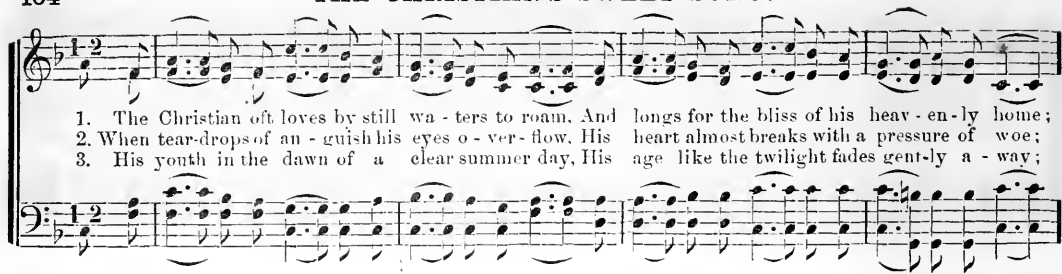
HOME OF REST.

W. W. BENTLEY. 103

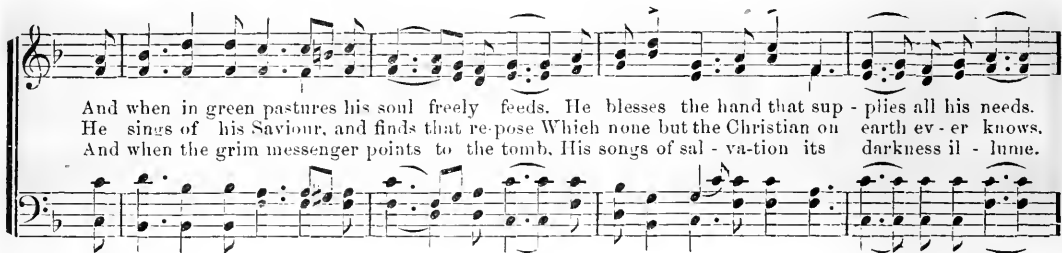
1. Faintly flow thou falling river, Like a dream that dies a - way, Down to o - cean gliding
 2. Roses bloom and then they wither, Cheeks are bright then fade away, Shapes of light are wafted
 1. Faintly flow thou falling riv - er, Like a dream that dies a-way, Down to o - cean

ev - er, Keep thy calm unruffled way, Time with such a silent motion, Floats a -
 hither, Then like vis - ions hurry by, Quick as clouds at evening driven, O'er the
 glid - ing ev - er, Keep thy calm un - ruf - fled way, Time with such a si - lent motion,

- long on wings of air, To e - ter - nity's dark ocean, Bringing all its treasures there
 ma - ny colored west; Time is bear - ing us to heaven, Home of hap - piness and rest.
 Floats along on wings of air, To e - ter - ni - ty's dark ocean, Bringing all its treasure there.

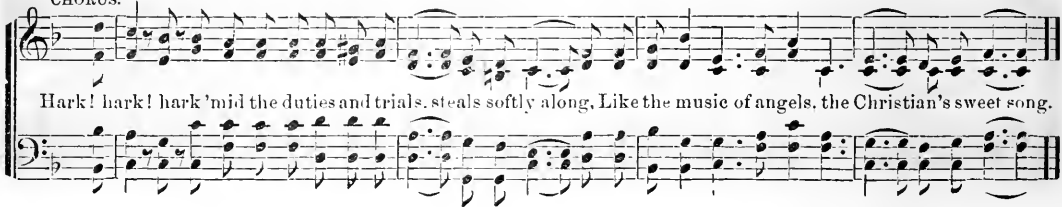


1. The Christian oft loves by still wa - ters to roam, And longs for the bliss of his heav - en - ly home;
 2. When tear-drops of an - guish his eyes o - ver - flow, His heart almost breaks with a pressure of woe;
 3. His youth in the dawn of a clear summer day, His age like the twilight fades gent - ly a - way;

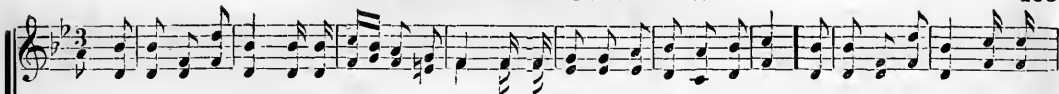


And when in green pastures his soul freely feeds, He blesses the hand that sup - plies all his needs.
 He sings of his Saviour, and finds that re - pose Which none but the Christian on earth ev - er knows.
 And when the grim messenger points to the tomb, His songs of sal - va - tion its darkness il - lume.

CHORUS.

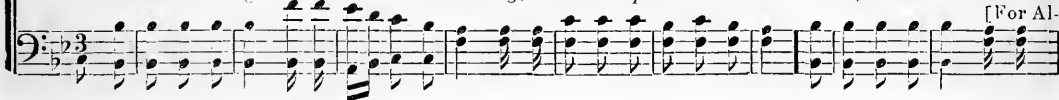


Hark! hark! hark 'mid the duties and trials, steals softly along, Like the music of angels, the Christian's sweet song.

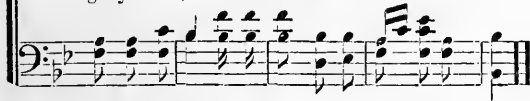


1. All hail! happy day. When enrobed in our clay; The Redeemer appeared upon earth, How can we refrain To u-
 2. Ye angels of God, Sound His praises abroad, And acknowledge Him *Jah*, the *I Am*. We also will join In a
 3. Of Christ we will sing, As our *High Priest* and *King*, And our *Prophet* to teach us the road; But more than all this

[For Al-



nite in the strain, And to hail our Immanuel's birth.
 hymn as divine. Giving glory to God and the Lamb.
 mighty He is, And we own him our Saviour and God.

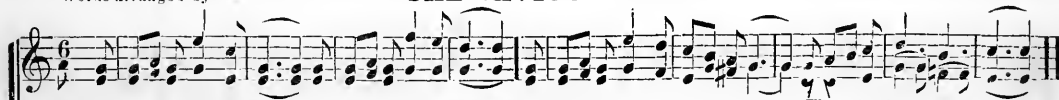


- 4 O may the return
 Of this once blessed morn
 Be forever remembered
 with joy.
 Sweet accents of praise
 All our voices shall raise.
 Hallelujahs shall be our
 employ.

- 5 Let echo prolong
 The harmonious song,
 Hallelujahs again and
 again.
 He kindles the fire,
 Whom the nations desire.
 And to him we devote
 the glad strain.

Words arranged by ***

THE SAVIOUR CALLS.



1. Our Saviour kindly calls Dear children to His breast; He folds us in His gracious arms, Himself declares us blest.
 2. With joy we come, dear Lord, And offer thanks to Thee, And praying that as we are Thine, Thine may all children be.



THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

1 (Where the sornding waves, of the march of Time, Are lost on the verge of the far off clime ;)
 There's a distant river, whose peaceful shore Is the [OMIT] first of the land for-
 2 (But 'tis strange, the power of its mystic wave. For its mightier far than the cold, dark grave,) [souls re-
 And there's none may traverse this peaceful shore, But [OMIT] those whose freed

Solo, or all the voices in unison.

ev - ermore. (Its waters are dark, al-though they gleam In morning's bright rays or the sun-set's beam ;)
 turn no more. (Sub - lime and sad they roll a-long Like min - or strains in a [OMIT.....]
 (When signals shall come, from that far land, That stretchs away from the oth - er strand ;
 (We'll bathe in waves of crys - tal tide, As crossing it o'er to the [OMIT.....])

CHORUS.

tide of song. O, beau - ti - ful riv - er, Beau - ti - ful riv - er, O, beauti-ful riv - er, I long to
 oth-er side. Beautiful riv - er, Beautiful riv - er, O, beautiful riv - er, I long to

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Concluded.

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glide; And view that shore, And view that shore, And view that shore o'er thy mystic tide.
glide; And view that shore, And view that shore, &c.

The musical score for 'THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Concluded.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music features a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and quarter notes, as well as rests. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

THE GOLDEN CITY. Words and Music by W. W. BENTLEY.

1. There is a land immor-tal, A bright and shining land, Beside its silver portal, The blessed angels stand;
2. Tho' dark and drear the passage, That leadeth to the gate, Yet light will shine to guide us, If we but watch and wait;
3. Then let us work for Je-sus, Our days will soon be o'er; Our sun will soon be fading, To rise and set no more;

The musical score for 'THE GOLDEN CITY. Words and Music by W. W. BENTLEY.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music features a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and quarter notes, as well as rests. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

How eager they are waiting To open wide the door, That we may en-ter in it, To see the gold-en shore.
Yes, yes, the shining angels, From heav'n will soon come down, To gather up the lov'd ones, To wear a "golden crown."
And then the blessed angels Will call us children home, To meet those gone before us, Ah! never more to roam.

CHRIST FOR ALL THE WORLD.

AND ALL THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

Words by REV. SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

To the Young Men's Christian Association, Cleveland, Ohio

1. Christ for the world we sing, The world to Christ we bring, With lov - ing zeal; The poor and those that mourn, The
 2. Christ for the world we sing, The world to Christ we bring, With fer - vent prayer; The way - ward and the lost, By
 3. Christ for the world we sing, The world to Christ we bring, With one - ac - cord; With us the work to share, With

faint and o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
 rest - less pas - sion toss'd, Redeemed at countless cost, From dark des - pair.
 us reproach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.

4.
 Christ for the world we sing,
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With joyful song;
 The new-born souls, whose days
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong,

STAND ON GUARD. (or Christian Warfare.)

T. W. HUBBARD.

1. Stand on guard O christian soldier; Stand on guard ne'er leave your post, For the ranks of sin are marshalled, In a
 D. s. Fee - ble heart, a - rise, take courage, Count as

STAND ON GUARD. Concluded.

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Fine 1st. D. S.:

 strong and mighty host; { Think of Him who suffered for thee, }
 gain, all earthly loss. { Think of Him who (OMIT)..... } bore the cross

2.
 O, be brave, be strong and valiant,
 Arm yourself with truth and love;
 Forward, press to conquer evil,
 Strength shall nerve you from above,
 And if e'er your soul grows weary,
 And your heart begins to fail,
 Look above and pray for courage,
 And you surely shall prevail.

SWELL THE SONG.

Words and Music by *Ra—ff*.



1. Now to our Saviour King, Loud let our prais-es ring, While we in rap-ture sing, Sing and a-dore, Hal - le -
 2 He from Hisho - ly place Came to our fall - en race, Came with His saving grace, Boundless the store! Hal - le -



lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing and a-dore.
 lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Boundless the store.

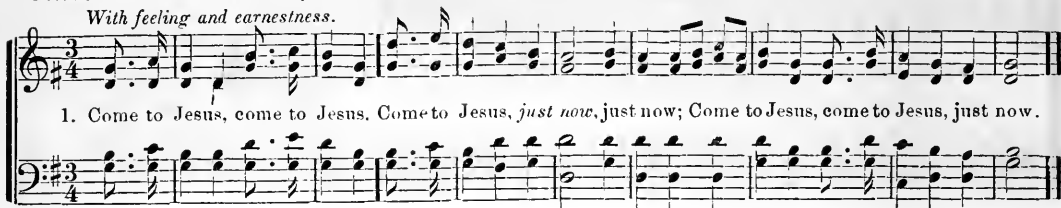
3.
 Swell ye the choral throng;
 Join every voice the song,
 Thanks to his Name belong,
 Praise evermore.
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah!
 Praise evermore.

COME TO JESUS, JUST NOW.

"Behold! now is the day of salvation."

Rev. EDWARD PATSON HAMMOND says this was first sung in Scotland, when hundreds were asking, "What shall we do to be saved?"

With feeling and earnestness.



1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus. Come to Jesus, *just now*, just now; Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, just now.

SUPR.—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt. xi: 28.*

1. Come to Jesus just now, etc.

SUPR.—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts xvi: 31.*

2. He will save you, just now, etc.

SUPR.—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John iii: 16.*

3. O, believe him, just now, etc.

SUPR.—"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—*Heb. vii: 25.*

4. He is able, just now, etc.

SUPR.—"The Lord is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—*2 Pet. iii: 9.*

5. He is willing, just now, etc.

SUPR.—"Him that cometh to me, I will in no-wise cast out."—*John vi: 37.*

6. He'll receive you, just now, etc.

SUPR.—"Flee from the wrath to come."—*Matt. iii: 7.*

7. Flee to Jesus, just now, etc.

The Scripture, pertaining to each verse should be read or recited by the superintendent in a plain and impressive manner *before singing the verse*

SUPR.—"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Acts ii: 21.*

8. Call unto him, just now, etc.

SUPR.—"And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole."—*Mark x: 52.*

9. He will hear you, just now, etc.

SUPR.—"Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."—*Mark x: 47.*

10. He'll have mercy, just now, etc.

SUPR.—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just, to forgive us our sins."—*1 John i: 9.*

11. He'll forgive you, just now, etc.

SUPR.—"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—*1 John i: 7.*

12. He will cleanse you, just now, etc.

SUPR.—"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—*2 Cor. v: 17.*

13. He'll renew you, just now, etc.

SUPR.—"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—*Rev. iii: 5.*

14. He will clothe you, just now, etc.

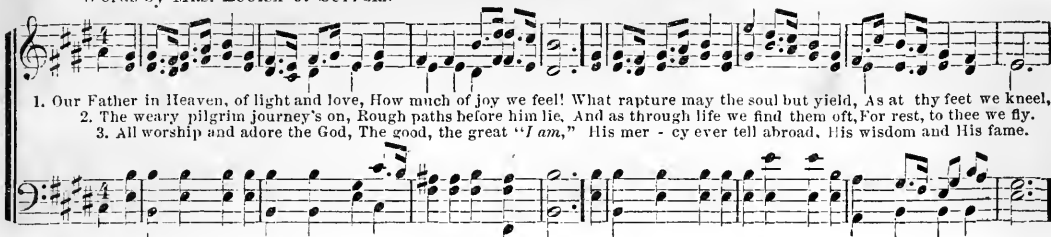
SUPR.—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends."—*John xv: 13.*

15. Jesus loves you, just now, etc.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

111

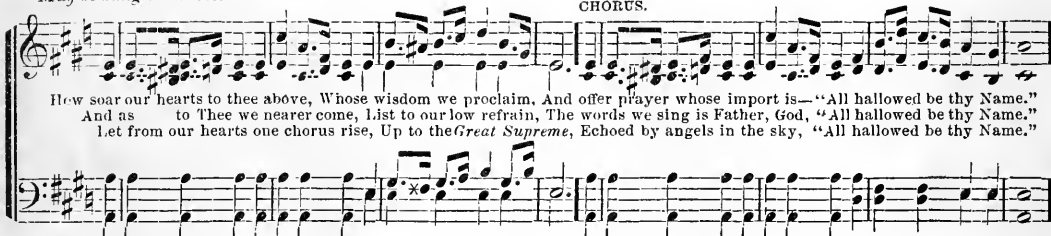
Words by MRS. LOUISA J. SUFFERN



1. Our Father in Heaven, of light and love, How much of joy we feel! What rapture may the soul but yield, As at thy feet we kneel,
 2. The weary pilgrim journey's on, Rough paths before him lie, And as through life we find them oft, For rest, to thee we fly.
 3. All worship and adore the God, The good, the great "I am," His mer - cy ever tell abroad, His wisdom and His fame.

May be sung as a Solo.

CHORUS.



How soar our hearts to thee above, Whose wisdom we proclaim, And offer prayer whose import is—"All hallowed be thy Name."
 And as to Thee we nearer come, List to our low refrain, The words we sing is Father, God, "All hallowed be thy Name."
 Let from our hearts one chorus rise, Up to the Great Supreme, Echoed by angels in the sky, "All hallowed be thy Name."

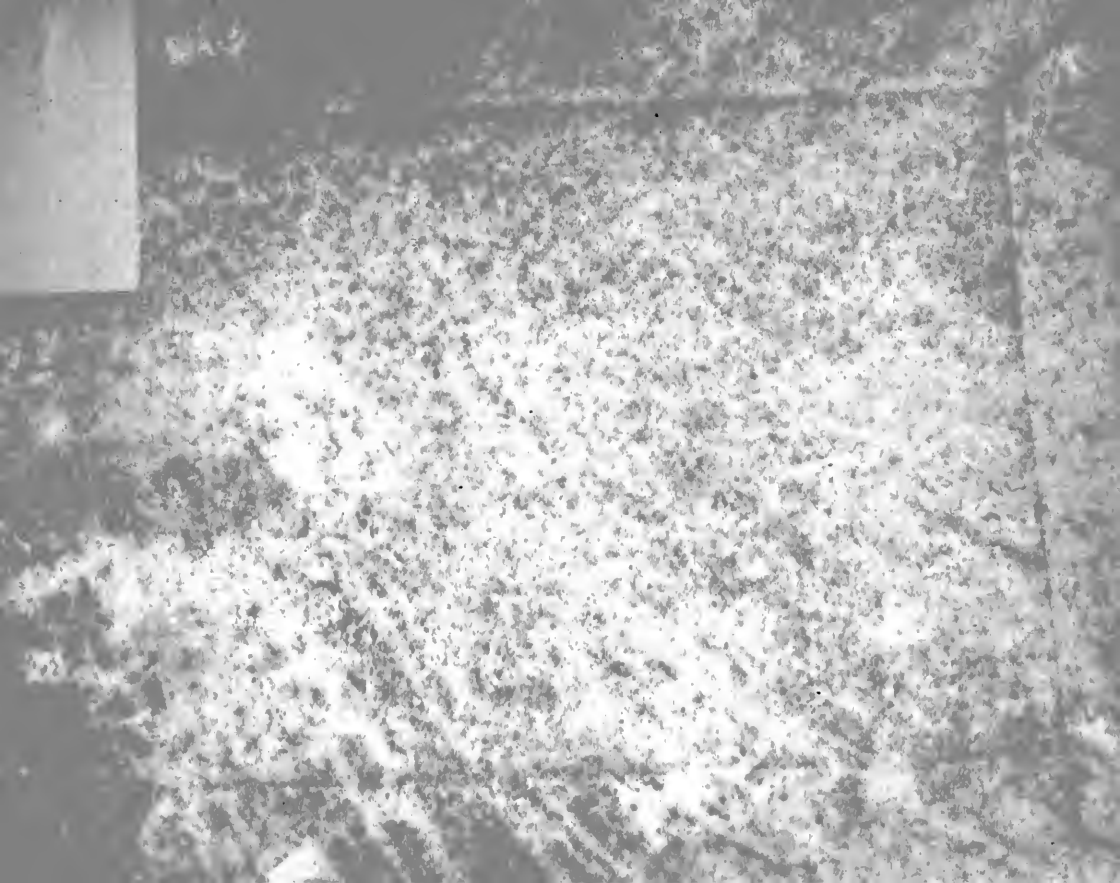


Our Father, who art in Heaven
 Give us this day our hallowed be thy name,
 dai - ly bread, (Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
 And lead us not into tempta- (And forgive us our tres-
 tion, but deliver us) from e - vil, (passes as we forgive) them that trespass against us.
 (For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,) for ever and ev - er, A - men.

A hundred years to come.....	30	Home of rest.....	103	The blessed Land.....	79
Angel Band.....	57	In Heaven they're waiting.....	39	The Holy child.....	75
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Drawing Nearer.....	40	Pleasant meeting.....	32	They are going, only going.....	49
Day of Rest.....	89	Praising Jesus.....	32	Unchanging love.....	66
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For you I am praying.....	63	Precious Saviour.....	100	What can I give Jesus.....	16
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Gather while you may.....	38	Sing of Jesus.....	48	We love the Sunday-school.....	101
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				Happy and free.....	9
				Mother's pride.....	10
				Joyful sounds.....	12
				Power of song.....	10
				Voice of music.....	13
				Spirit voices.....	11
				Be merry.....	7
				Sing gaily.....	8
				Where verdure.....	8







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